

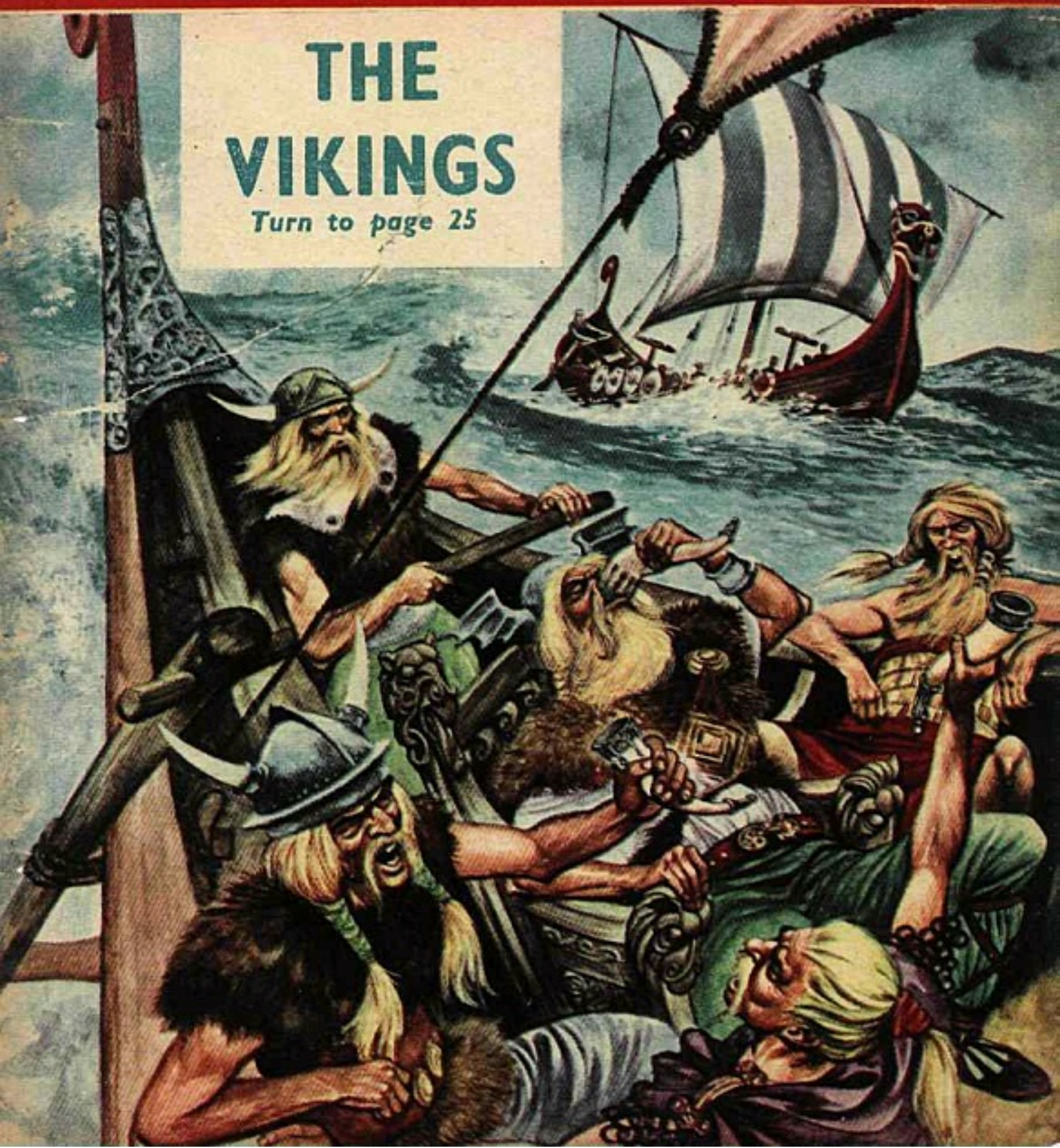
CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1972

92 PAISE
INCLUDING
EXCISE DUTY

THE VIKINGS

Turn to page 25



TODAY I AM NINE AND GROWING RICHER EVERY DAY...

WANT TO KNOW
THE SECRET ?

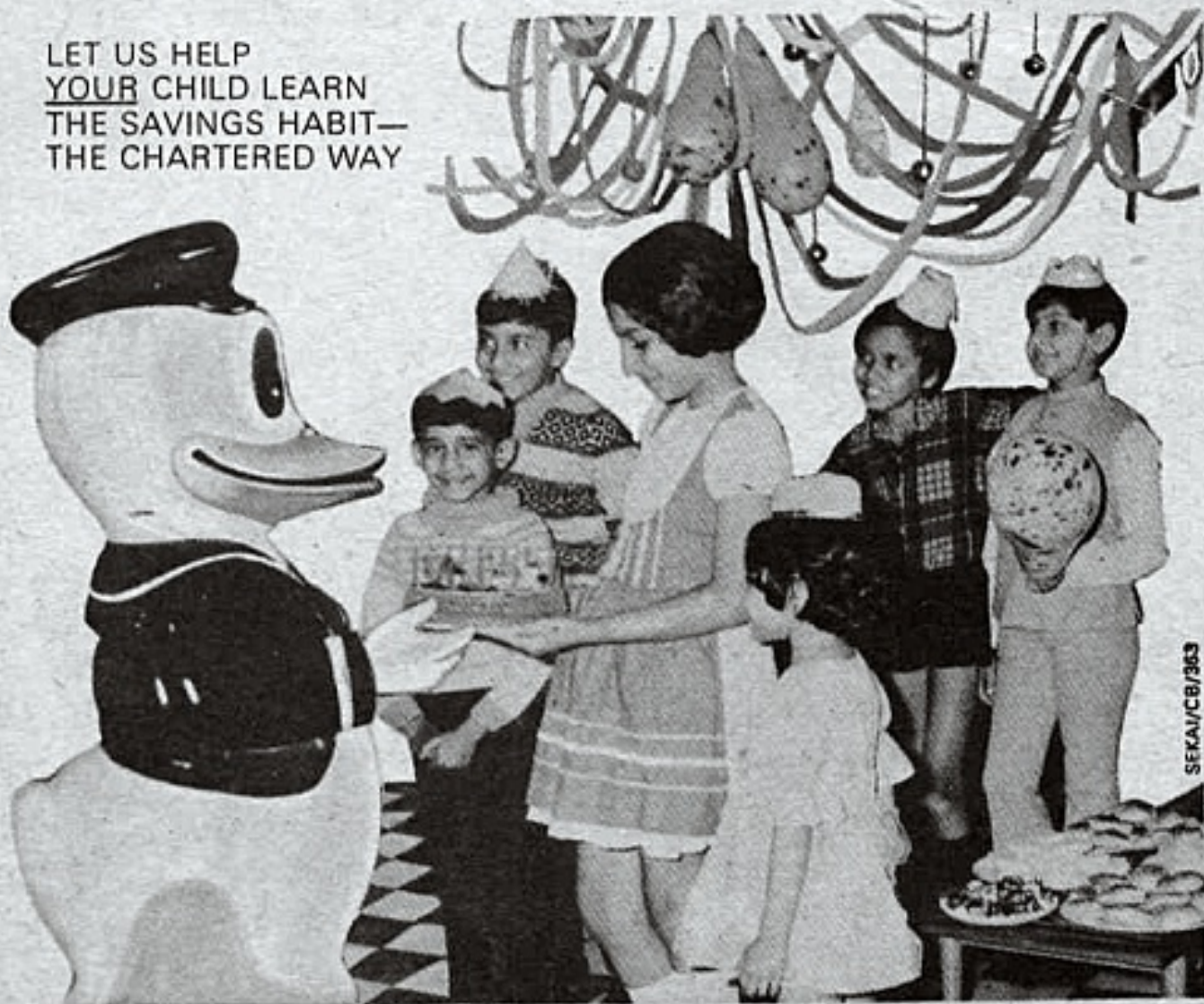
It all started when I was much younger. My father opened a Savings Account at The Chartered Bank—with only Rs. 5/-. Ever since, I have saved something every month and put it in my Donald Duck money box.

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 11

May 1972

*This month there are 15 stories for you to enjoy.
Space does not permit giving you a complete
list, but here are some of the highlights,*

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*An enchanting tale for all to enjoy. And
the next issue will feature a lovely sequel.*

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The Saffron Cloth

The sage Chidanand was deep in meditation one evening when the disheveled figure of a young man burst through the doorway. Panting for breath, the young man threw himself at the feet of the sage. "Save me, your holiness," he gasped. "I am Prince Dev, the son of King Chambal. My father has been slain, and invaders have committed the capital city to flames. Now I am a fugitive with the enemy close at my heels."

"Be of good heart, my son," said the sage, handing the young man a length of saffron material. "Wrap yourself in this cloth and we can pretend you are

one of my disciples."

Before many minutes had passed, they heard horsemen galloping up to the hermitage, and soon afterwards three heavily armed men charged into the hut.

"Well," said the sage into the heavy silence. "Why do you armed men dare come into this holy place? State what you want and go."

Quelling before the stern gaze of the sage, the leader growled: "We are searching for the fugitive Prince Dev. Have you seen the wretch?"

"I have seen no wretch," said the sage sternly. "And no one has passed this hermitage, so

depart and leave us in peace."

And so Prince Dev stayed with the sage, but as the days passed, his thoughts grew heavy at the memory of his murdered father and the present plight of the people of his kingdom. One evening the prince approached the sage and in a troubled voice said. "Father, I can stay here no longer. I must go to my uncle, King Mahesh, and raise an army somehow, and reconquer the kingdom so that my subjects will not be under the yoke of these murderous invaders."

"But you will need a lot of money to raise an army," said the sage, reaching for a jar on a shelf. "Take this jar and it will help you."

"What does it contain father?" asked Dev with a puzzled look.

The old sage smiled: "It is an oracle of the gods. Just sprinkle the liquid on any article and it immediately changes into gold."

Dev thanked the sage for all his help and kindness, and gathering up his precious bottle and with the saffron cloth draped across his shoulders, set out on the long journey to the kingdom of his maternal uncle,

King Mahesh.

When Dev eventually arrived at his uncle's palace, he was received without any great enthusiasm. The king who was miserly by nature, had often toyed with the idea of reconquering Jasalmer for himself, and certainly had no intention of lending his formidable army merely to put his nephew on the throne.

Dev refused to be discouraged by his uncle's attitude, and knowing that the tight fisted monarch paid his troops begrudgingly and then, always months in arrears, Dev was sure he could coerce the army to his way of thinking. So after a



lot of arguments, he got his uncle to agree to hold a meeting with all the army commanders to discuss an invasion of Jasalmer.

Before the conference was due to begin, Dev collected a huge pile of iron bars, which he sprinkled with the miracle liquid the sage had given him, and watched the iron turn into glittering gold. He wrapped each piece of gold in a silken cloth, and as each army officer entered the conference chamber, Dev handed each a bar of gold saying, "This is merely a token of what you will receive under my command when we recapture Jasalmer."

The army commanders, who had never seen so much gold before, refused to listen to their

own king, and all vowed their readiness to march that very day to capture Jasalmer and put Prince Dev on the throne.

So Prince Dev, with a vast army under his command, descended on Jasalmer, and his troops thirsting for victory and more gold, soon routed the enemy. Then the prince took his rightful place on the throne and the courtiers were puzzled when they saw that their new monarch had a length of saffron cloth draped over his shoulders.

When one of the ministers asked what did this cloth signify, King Dev proudly announced; "With this piece of cloth, the great sage Chidanand saved my life and also made it possible for me to avenge the wrongs done to my people."



POWER BUILT

■ I'VE FINALLY figured out how the Egyptians, with no heavy machinery, built the pyramids. They cut out coffee breaks.

TERROR in the LABYRINTH!

Every year, seven young Greek men and seven girls left their city of Athens and never came back. Everybody knew where they went and what happened to them; and everybody knew why they were never seen again.

King Minos of Crete had never made a secret of the fact that they were fed to a hungry monster which he kept in a weird palace of its own.

Year after year, the sacrifices went on, and it seemed that nothing could stop them. Minos, it was obvious, had no intention of removing the harsh punishment he inflicted on the Athenians for killing his son out of jealousy after he had beaten them at the Games.

Furious at his son's murder, Minos had besieged Athens. He called upon Zeus, the king of the gods, to bring a plague down upon the people. When the Athenians pleaded to have

the plague removed, Minos set a harsh condition. The disease would go, he said, if the Athenians would send 14 of their fairest young people to his monster each year.

They agreed, and the stern punishment was carried out annually. The Athenians knew that it would not end until the monster died—or was killed! But who could kill it?

At this time Theseus, who was both the son of the king of Athens and of a god, was being brought up by his mother in another town. When he became a young man, he began a journey to Athens to join his father, the king. On the way, he had adventures with bandits and monsters and it was clear that he was a fighter beyond compare.

But he did not look the bold and fierce fighter he really was, for he wore a white robe and his fair hair was carefully

arranged. When he reached Athens, a group of workmen building a temple openly laughed at him.

Theseus decided to give them a show of his strength. Picking up a heavy ox-cart, he threw it right over the temple they were building. This silenced their jeers.

More adventures awaited Theseus. Athens was at war, and Theseus fought and beat his father's enemies. After he had killed a wild bull which was rampaging through part of the country, the ambassadors arrived from Crete for their annual collection of young people to sacrifice to the monster.

Theseus took the place of one of the young men, for he planned to kill the monster and bring the sacrifices to an end.

Fortune was on his side when he reached Crete, for he fell in love with King Minos's daughter, Ariadne, who told him all about the monster.

"It is called the Minotaur," she said. "It is a horrible creature with a bull's head, and it only eats human flesh."

The place in which it lived was the Labyrinth where there was such a maze of winding

passages that anybody who entered it never found their way out.

"But I know how you can go in and come out again safely," said Ariadne.

At once, Theseus set off for the Labyrinth and found himself in long stone passages with paths branching off on both sides. He could easily have lost his way if Ariadne had not given him a ball of string which he unrolled as he went to make a trail to follow when he was ready to leave.

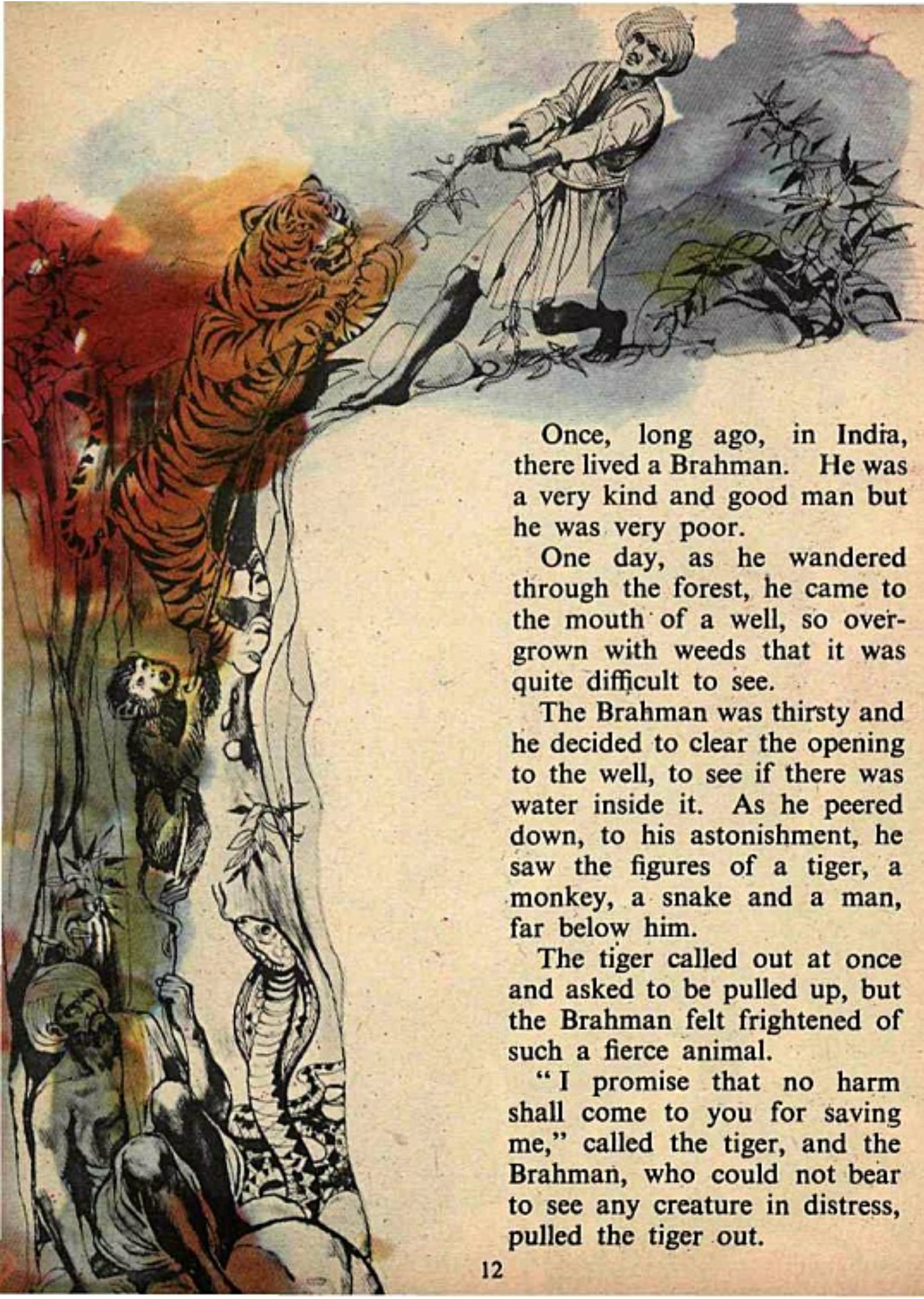
At last, he came face to face with the fearful Minotaur. There was a terrific battle. But Theseus had skill and strength on his side. He struck one final, powerful blow and the Minotaur swayed and toppled ... it was dead!

Theseus was a hero to all Athens. Never again would the monster feed upon the young people of the city.

Theseus left Crete in triumph—with Ariadne as his bride!

IN NEXT ISSUE
the incredible story of
THE THUGS





Once, long ago, in India, there lived a Brahman. He was a very kind and good man but he was very poor.

One day, as he wandered through the forest, he came to the mouth of a well, so overgrown with weeds that it was quite difficult to see.

The Brahman was thirsty and he decided to clear the opening to the well, to see if there was water inside it. As he peered down, to his astonishment, he saw the figures of a tiger, a monkey, a snake and a man, far below him.

The tiger called out at once and asked to be pulled up, but the Brahman felt frightened of such a fierce animal.

"I promise that no harm shall come to you for saving me," called the tiger, and the Brahman, who could not bear to see any creature in distress, pulled the tiger out.

The TIGER, the MONKEY and the SNAKE

The tiger thanked the Brahman gratefully. "In those mountains over there is my cave," he said. "If you ever come that way, come and see me so that I can repay you."

As the tiger ran away, the cries of the monkey reached the Brahman. Quickly the Brahman let down a rope and pulled the monkey out. "My home is near the waterfall, not far from the tiger's cave. Please pay me a visit for I should like to repay your kindness," he said as he bounded away.

Now the snake was pleading to be pulled out, but the Brahman said, "I can see that you are a large snake and have a flat head. That means you are poisonous and how do I know that you will not poison me?"

"I promise on my oath that I will never harm you," replied the snake, so the Brahman pulled the large snake out of the well.

"If you are ever in trouble, call for me and I will come to your aid at once," said the snake.

Meanwhile, the man was shouting up from the bottom of the well, asking the Brahman why he had pulled out all the other creatures but left him down there.

The Brahman quickly ran to pull the man out of the well and he said, "I am Somnath the Goldsmith and I live in Bangalore. If ever you have any gold to sell just bring it to me."

Some time later, the Brahman found that his small store of food had been eaten up and he had no money to buy any more so he decided to set out and visit the monkey.

The Brahman climbed the steep mountain until, at last, he came to the waterfall. There he found the monkey, who gave him as much sweet, juicy fruit and



Somnath showed the jewels to the king.

as many ripe nuts as he could carry. The hungry Brahman was very grateful. "Before I leave I would like to visit the tiger, to see if he remembers me," he said. "Will you show me the way to the tiger's home?"

The monkey led the way to the cave in which the tiger lived and the tiger was delighted.

"I have a small present to give you in return for your

kindness to me," said the tiger and he handed the Brahman some beautiful gold ornaments, set with bright jewels.

The Brahman was afraid to take them, for he thought they had been stolen and when he saw this, the tiger said, "Take them, do not be afraid. A young prince came to this forest to hunt me. It was a duel between the prince and me. I managed to avoid his arrow and I won, for I was able to

pounce on him before he could draw another. I took these ornaments from him. You see, I won them in fair fight."

The Brahman thanked the tiger and, remembering the goldsmith whom he had pulled out of the well, he took the jewels straight to him.

Somnath, the goldsmith, recognised them at once as belonging to the young prince who had disappeared while out hunting. "Wait here," he said

to the Brahman, "while I go and show them to someone who will be interested."

With that, Somnath hurried to the palace and showed the jewels to the king, hoping to receive a reward. "They were given to me by a Brahman who is at this moment in my house," said the goldsmith. "He must have killed and robbed the prince."

The king sent guards to seize the Brahman and he was thrown



The Brahman was thrown into prison.

into prison, to be executed next day.

As he lay in prison, bound hand and foot, the Brahman remembered the snake's promise and called to it to come and help him. The snake slithered into the prison.

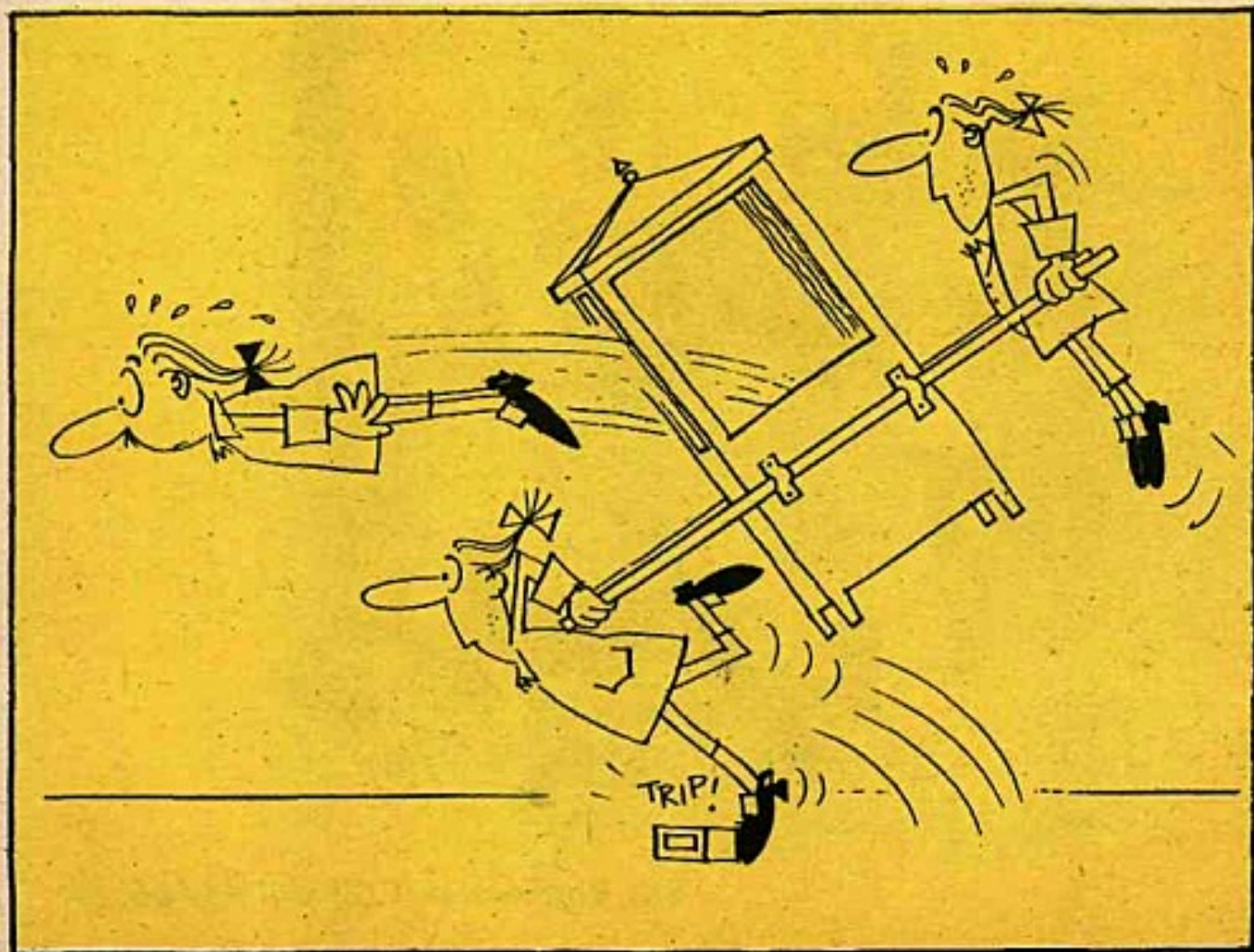
"It would be useless for me to break your bonds, for you could still not escape," said the snake.

"However, I have a plan. I will bite the princess, who is dearer to the king than all his possessions. Nothing will then

be able to cure her but the touch of your hand."

Next day, there was great weeping in the king's court, for the princess had been bitten by a snake and all the doctors said she was dying. Then word was brought to the king that the Brahman, who was due to be executed, had claimed to be able to cure the princess. He was brought before the king at once and at one touch of his hand, the princess was cured.

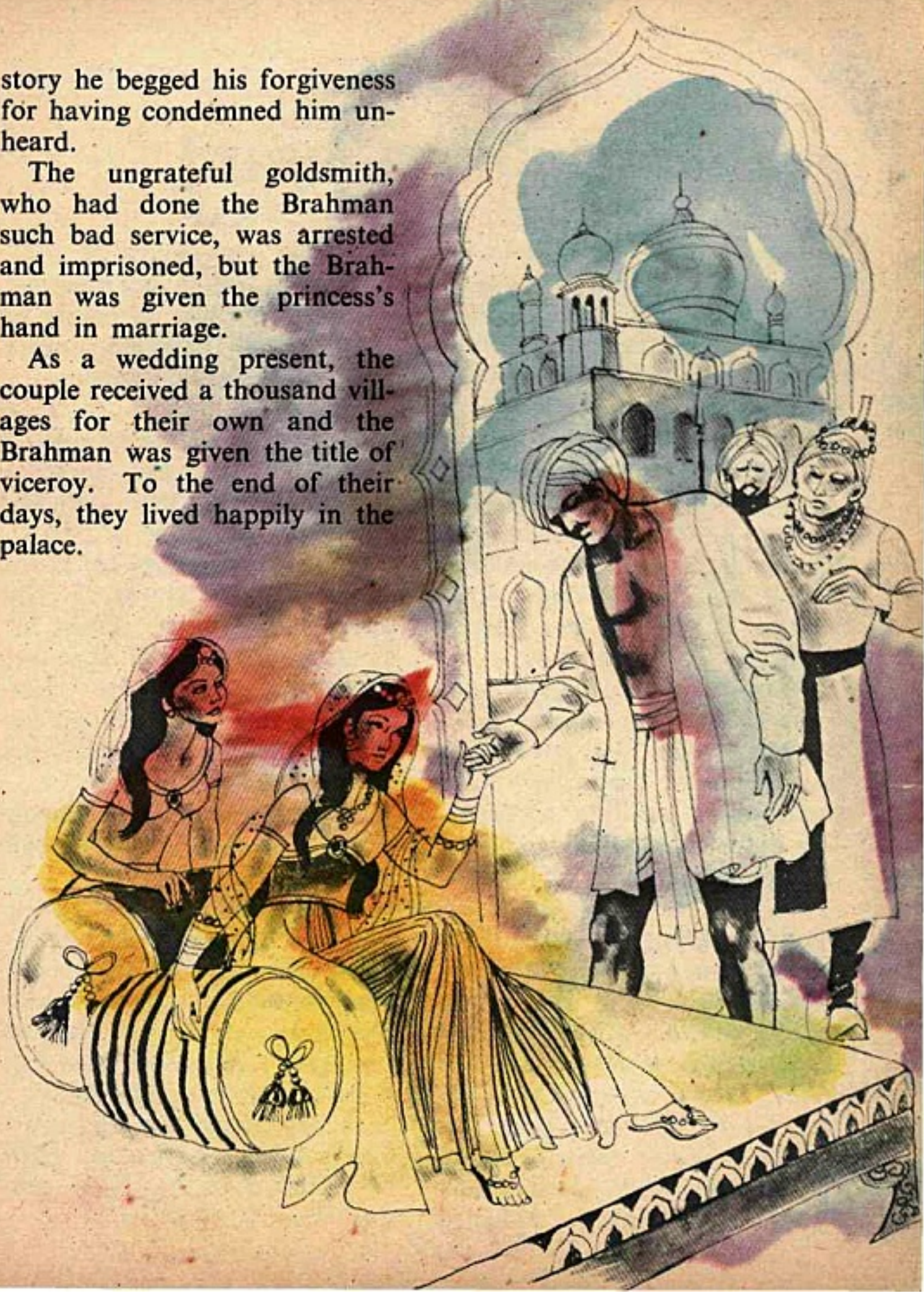
The king was delighted and when he heard the Brahman's



story he begged his forgiveness for having condemned him unheard.

The ungrateful goldsmith, who had done the Brahman such bad service, was arrested and imprisoned, but the Brahman was given the princess's hand in marriage.

As a wedding present, the couple received a thousand villages for their own and the Brahman was given the title of viceroy. To the end of their days, they lived happily in the palace.



A Dubious Award

Grandfather was quite content to sit back in his easy chair on the verandah and enjoy the cool evening breeze. But not so, his grandchildren who were forever ready to enjoy one of grandfather's limitless stories.

"Please grandfather tell us a story," little Radha said sweetly.

Grandfather knew there was no escape, so telling the children to gather round, he said, "This evening I will tell you how a king got the better of a rogue.

This story, he narrated, goes back to the days of the Chola Empire, when the great king Sumati was the ruler. One morning as the king sat listening to petitions and complaints, a stranger appeared before him.

"I am a great alchemist, Your Majesty," said the stranger in a boisterous voice. "I can turn base metals into pure gold. If your Majesty will give me articles of silver, I will return within a month with the articles changed into gold."

The king eyed the man reflectively. He had heard many stories of these so-called

alchemists who preyed on gullible people, and having obtained articles with false promises to change them into gold, were never seen again. Turning to one of his ministers, the king murmured some instructions.

A little later, two servants staggered into the audience chambers, carrying a heavy, iron chest which they set down in front of the stranger. The would-be alchemist rubbed his hands in delightful anticipation of all the treasures this chest must contain. But when he lifted the lid the chest was empty!

"But the chest is empty, Your Majesty," said the man looking very perplexed.

"If you can turn base metals into gold," said the king sternly, "you can start on that chest. My guard will provide you with a suitable room, where I assure you, you will be well guarded. If by the end of the year, you have not turned the iron chest into gold, I am sure we shall be able to change you into something worthwhile.



Because they were loyal to King Richard, Robin Hood and his merry men had to live in Sherwood Forest as outlaws. The Sheriff of Nottingham, who was helping Prince John seize the throne, tried to capture them. Robin was far too clever, however, to be caught and turned the tales on the Sheriff.

Robin made up his mind to go to Nottingham Fair. Friar Tuck did not like the idea. "It is far too dangerous," he said. But Robin only laughed. "I will take Will Scarlet and Little John with me," he said, "and we will go disguised to look like beggars."



Will Scarlet and Little John were both eager to have fun at the Fair and took no notice of Friar Tuck's fear. The three were soon dressing themselves up in rags and making their faces dirty until they really looked like beggars.



When all was ready, the three left camp and set out for the Fair. Robin left the band in the care of Friar Tuck, who called out to him. "Have a good time Robin, but look out for the Sheriff. He'd like to lay hands on you."

The three friends strode out like the strong young men they were, so that Robin had to remind them they had to act like old men. When they reached the Fair in Nottingham, nobody recognized them although the Normans and the Sheriff's soldiers seemed to be all around them.



Just then they came to a big crowd that was shouting with excitement. They forced their way through to the front and found that a wrestling match was taking place. As they watched, one of the wrestlers proved to be the winner.



The people cheered him delightedly and somebody shouted that the Sheriff's champion was the best wrestler in the world. Little John took a good look at the big champion and whispered to Robin. "I know I could beat that man."

Will Scarlet was rather uneasy at the thought of Little John wrestling with the champion. "Someone may recognize you," he said. "They never would," argued Little John. "Wait a bit," broke in Robin. "Here comes the Sheriff."





The Sheriff, accompanied by a strong armed guard, walked through the crowd, but judging by the looks on the faces of the people, the Sheriff was not very popular. Although the Sheriff passed quite close to Robin and his friends, he merely sniffed in disgust at the sight of these three supposed beggars.

Little John was all for playing jokes on the Sheriff, but Robin would not let him. Robin hoped the Sheriff was not going to stay, then to his surprise the Sheriff got up on the platform and challenged anyone at the Fair to fight and beat his champion wrestler.



By that time, Robin and his friends had reached the edge of the platform. Little John, looking like a poor beggar, shouted: "I'll fight your man." The Sheriff and all the people took one look at Little John and laughed.



"Look at him," chuckled the Sheriff. "Fancy a miserable beggar thinking he can beat you." The wrestler grinned at the sight of Little John. "Don't worry, my lord," he said to the Sheriff. "I'll make him sorry he came up here." But Little John was already on the platform, eager to get on with the combat.

The wrestler got ready to throw the daring beggar off the platform, but suddenly Little John stood erect, drawing himself up to his full height. "You are not a beggar," gasped the champion. Little John gave a laugh, and the wrestler leapt at him hoping to catch him off guard.





Little John was too powerful for the champion, and lifted him right off his feet into the air and hurled him right into the crowd. "What a throw!" somebody shouted, and the good citizens cheered Little John's skill. Not so the Sheriff, who ordered one of the soldiers to bring Little John to him.



All eyes were fixed on Little John as he stood on the platform. It was clear that he was not a stooping beggar, and a Norman soldier whispered in the Sheriff's ear: "Beware of this beggar, my lord. I am sure we have met him before, somewhere."

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE



THE VIKINGS

In Norway, Sweden and Denmark, lived the people we call the Vikings. Their countries were poor and they had to work hard, farming the land and fishing, just to make a living and have enough to feed their families.

The soil was poor in Denmark and so the crops were poor and although Sweden had richer soil, much of it was covered with forest. Norway was often wet in Summer and icy cold in Winter, so a farmer's life was a very hard one.

The farm always went to the eldest son when the father died and the younger sons had to

leave and make a living as best they could.

Sometimes they went searching for land on the lower slopes of the mountains, where there were few farms. Sometimes they joined a group of other young men who were sailing across the sea to find a new land where they could settle down. Many of them became pirates and raiders. They sailed round the coasts of Britain and Europe looking for towns and villages to burn and rob.

At first only a few of the most daring Vikings went on these raids across the sea, but

they brought back strange tales.

One party of raiders landed on the tiny island of Lindisfarne, off the coast of Britain. They attacked the monastery there, killing the monks and carrying away all the treasure. When they returned, they told how these Britons were foolish enough to store their treasure in big stone buildings, guarded only by men with bald heads and no weapons.

More and more Vikings began to go in the raiding parties. Several ships would land on the coast and then the crews would attack the nearest village or monastery they found, killing and burning and taking away everything of value they could find. Then they sped back to their ships and sailed quickly away, before anyone could stop them.

It was easy for them to make these surprise attacks and get

away again. They had long, narrow ships, about seventy feet long. At its widest part, in the very middle, the ship was only fifteen feet wide. It was pointed at both ends, so that it could creep up narrow, winding rivers and be rowed out again backwards, very quickly, if the Vikings were attacked.

It was cold and wet in a Viking ship, for there was no shelter in rough weather. The Vikings sat on benches along the sides of the ship. In the ship's side were holes through which the oars were put. The Vikings had to row their ship, but they put up a square sail when the wind helped them. These ships took them to many places. One Viking, named Leif Ericson, landed on the shore of a new country which no one had been to before. It was so pleasant that he called it Vinland, or Wineland. It was probably North America.

MORE MOTS

- MY WAY of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world.
- AUTOMOBILES continue to be driven at just two speeds—lawful and awful.
- GENEROSITY is giving more than you can, and pride is taking less than you need.



MAHABHARATA

The story so far.....

The Pandava princes are undergoing twelve years of exile, suffering many privations. But now, eleven years had passed and soon the princes would have to spend a further year in concealment. If they are discovered during this year of concealment, then, they would have to do twelve more years in exile.

At Hastinapura, the Kaurava princes gloat when they hear how the Pandavas have suffered whilst in exile. Duryodhana aided and abetted by the evil Sakuni and the arrogant Karna, goes to the Dwaita forest at the head of an army, to mock the Pandava princes. In the forest,

Duryodhana falls foul of the Gandharvas, and in a battle Chitrasena, King of the Gandharvas captures Duryodhana and the Kaurava army flees in disarray.

Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava Princes, arranges for Duryodhana to be released, and Duryodhana rides back to Hastinapura at the head of his defeated army, embittered and shamed at being beaten in battle, and having to be rescued by the Pandava princes.

On the journey back to Hastinapura, Sakuni and Karna tried hard to make light of the unfortunate affair, and wove a story as to how the Pandavas



Duryodhana says he prefers to die than live in shame

must have conspired with the Gandharvas to bring about the disgrace of Duryodhana.

But Duryodhana refused to listen to their oily words and in the end, in a fit of temper and black dejection he threw himself down under a tree and vowed to stay there till he died, sooner than return to Hastinapura and be subject to ridicule. Sakuni refused to be dismayed by this display of heroics and in a sarcastic voice upbraided Duryodhana: "Why do you act like a spoilt child? We have cheated the Pandavas out of

their kingdom and we possess all their riches. One minor reverse is nothing. The day will surely dawn when we shall exterminate the Pandavas, then you will become the emperor of all domains."

The thought of being proclaimed emperor appealed to Duryodhana's vanity and when Karna, talked in glowing terms of a great Rajasuya sacrifice, Duryodhana allowed himself to be convinced and agreed to return to Hastinapura.

When the court at Hastinapura learned what had occurred in the Dwaita forest, the blind king, Dhritarashtra, his mind filled with omens of evil days to come, sat in silence. But the aged Bhishma, seething with anger, pointed an accusing finger at Duryodhana and proclaimed in a solemn voice, "You have done nothing but bring disgrace to the Kuru race. Now the Pandava princes had to rescue you from disgrace and dishonour. Let there be an end to your infamy and acknowledge the Pandava princes' rightful inheritance."

Glowering with rage, Duryodhana stalked out of the assembly followed by his cronies. "Bhishma is an old fool,"

muttered Karna, then turning to Duryodhana he pleaded. "Give me an army and I will conquer all the surrounding kingdoms, then you will be able to perform the Rajasuya sacrifice and prove to every one you are invincible."

These were pleasant words to Duryodhana's depraved mind and without consulting Dhritarashtra, a large army was fitted out and Karna given full command, for a campaign to make every ruler swear fealty to Duryodhana. Karna, with all his faults, was a great warrior, and with a strong force quickly subjected a number of kingdoms and mainly with threats forced the rulers to acknowledge Duryodhana as their overlord.

When the triumphant Karna returned to Hastinapura, laden with vast treasures he had levied from the subjected kingdoms, Duryodhana was overjoyed and immediately proclaimed that he would perform the Rajasuya sacrifice. But the priests when consulted objected strongly. "Duryodhana cannot perform the Imperial sacrifice whilst King Dhritarashtra is alive," intoned the high priest. "But he can perform the Vaishnava sacrifice."



Bhishma entreats Duryodhana not to enrage the Pandavas

Duryodhana had to be content with this edict, but planned that the sacrifice should not be wanting in splendour and every monarch in the land be prevailed upon to attend. Even the Pandava princes shall be invited said the gloating Duryodhana.

When Yudhishtira received the invitation he told the messenger, "It is only right that Duryodhana should perform the Vaishnava sacrifice. But whilst we are in exile we are banned from entering Hastinapura."

With great pomp and cere-



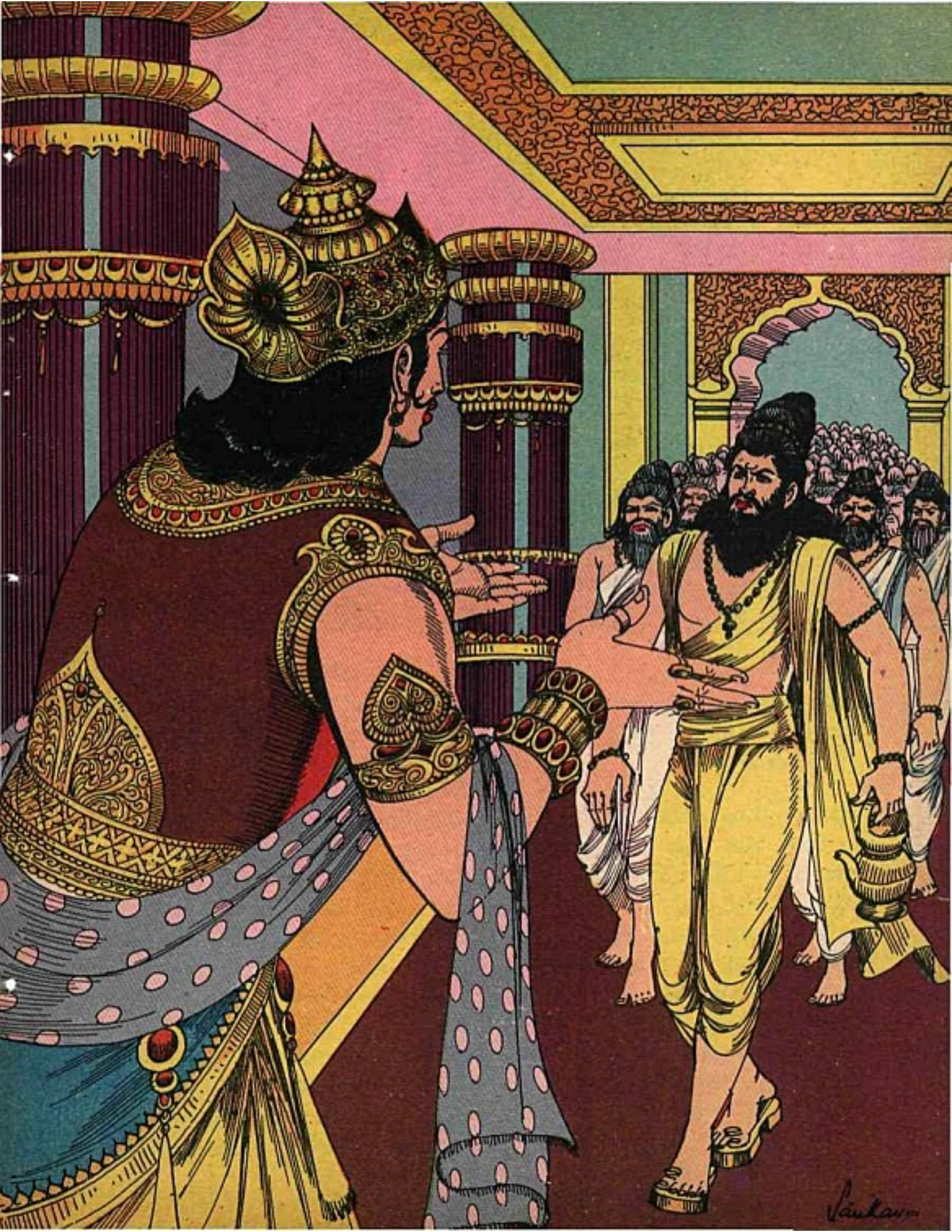
*Karna returns to Hastinapura
loaded with treasure*

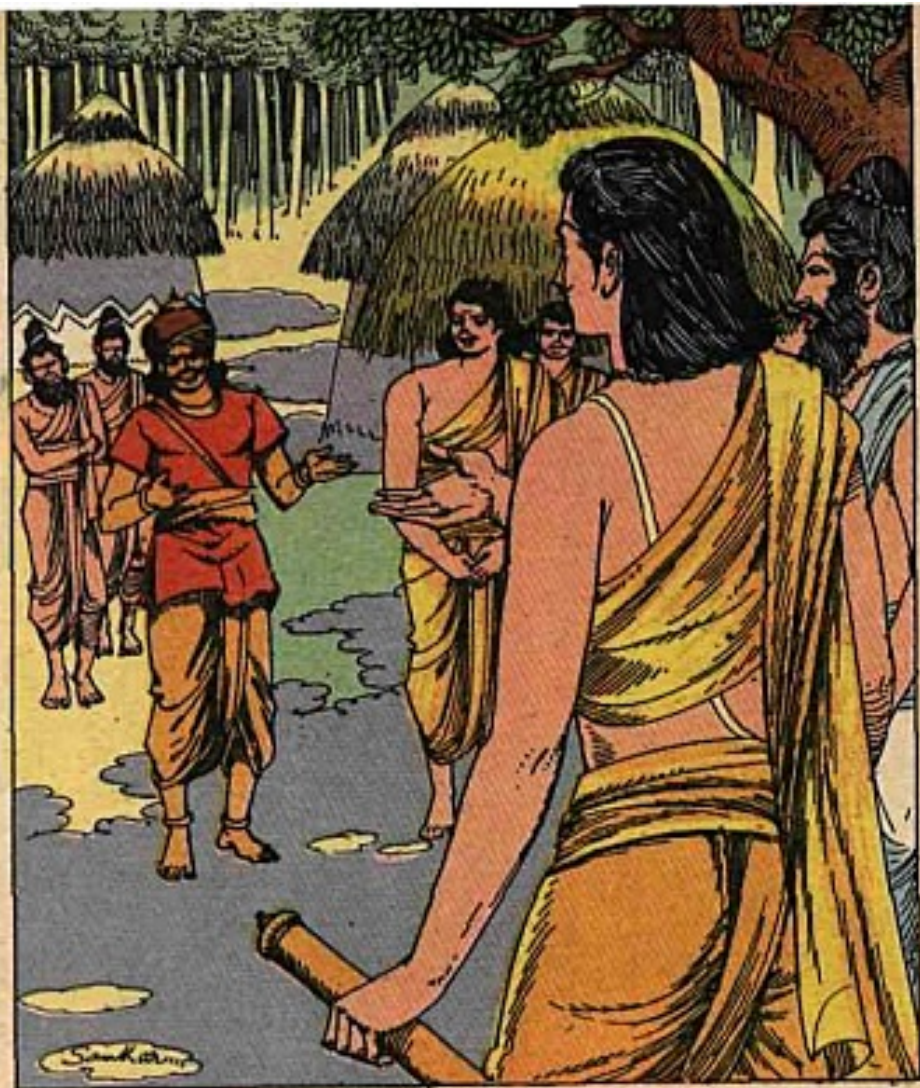
mony the sacrifice was performed at Hastinapura and Duryodhana in his elation made doubly sure that the Pandava princes be told of the countless monarchs who had attended and all the minute detail of the lavish festivities.

In the hermitage, Yudhishthira listened to the story of the sacrifice with a grim smile. Draupadi and his brothers had suffered much during these long years of exile. Often there was insufficient to eat, all because he had allowed himself to be enticed to gamble everything

with a set of dice. But he took solace in the words of the sage Vyasa, who had on his last visit said, "My children do not despair for soon your years of banishment will end and you will regain your rightful kingdom."

Soon after this, the sage Durvas with all his ten thousand disciples descended on Hastinapura, demanding in his forthright manner, that all his people should be provided with shelter and food. Sage Durvas was notorious for his endless demands and his ten thousand





disciples consumed so much food that the richest kingdom found it difficult to feed such a hungry horde.

Duryodhna contemplating all the food the sage and his disciples had consumed suddenly had a bright idea. Calling his uncle Sakuni and Karna, he said rubbing his hands with glee, "I have an inspiration. Let us beg sage Durvas and his disciples to visit the Pandavas. With their meagre supply of food, they will enjoy feeding this formidable army. And if they fail, the sage may very well

lay a terrible curse upon them."

And so it came about that late one night, after the Pandavas had retired, they were awakened by an incessant clamouring outside their hermitage. When they went outside they were confronted by sage Durvas and his great flock of disciples all demanding food.

'Draupadi, knowing there was insufficient food in the hermitage for ten people, let alone ten thousand, was horrified, and in her dilemma her mind turned to Sri Krishna and she prayed fervently that he would come to their aid.



In Safe Keeping

Bhaskar was a wealthy merchant and admittedly as he was very fond of money, his greatest joy was to sit every evening counting the days takings before he locked it in his safe.

One evening, as he fondly arranged coins into stacks, and carefully counted each precious note, that was a loud knock on the door and before Bhaskar could cover his money, that man Raghunath walked in.

Raghunath was another merchant, but with an unsavoury reputation for never paying his debts. Bhaskar groaned inwardly, for he was sure Raghunath had come to borrow money. He was quite right too, for Raghunath eyeing all the money on the floor, said

with an expansive smile, "My good friend, I want a loan of five hundred rupees just for a few days, and I will pay whatever interest you want."

Bhaskar shook his head sadly. "You couldn't have come at a worse time. Tomorrow I have a lot of bills to meet, and I too, need to borrow some money."

Before Raghunath could reply, there was an electricity failure and the room was plunged into darkness. Bhaskar jumped to his feet, and embraced Raghunath in a bear-like hug. "Ah! My dear friend," he cried, "although I cannot lend you any money, you must stay and dine with us."

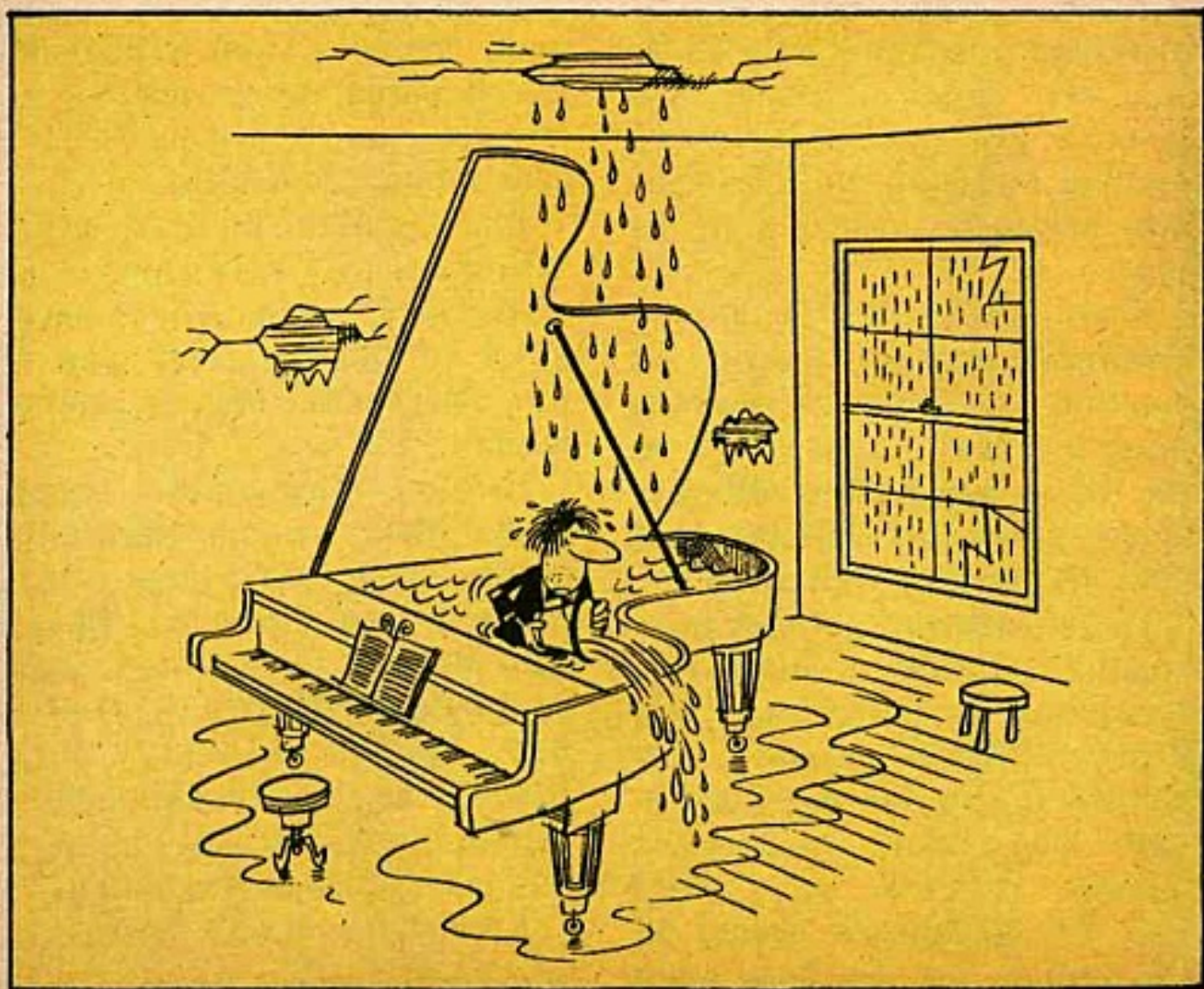
Raghunath was so surprised, he couldn't utter a word. Just

then, Bhaskar's wife came into the room carrying a lighted candle, and at the same time the electric lights came on again. Bhaskar released Raghunath from his loving embrace. "How wrong of me to invite you to dine at such short notice," he said smilingly, "I am sure your wife has prepared a meal for you. But you must come and visit us again." Saying that, he almost propelled Raghunath out of the

door, which afterwards he carefully bolted.

Bhaskar's wife looked at her husband in amazement. "Are you mad? Fancy embracing that awful man as though he was a long lost brother, and inviting him to dine with us."

Mopping his brow with a handkerchief, Bhaskar said quietly, "If I hadn't grabbed that rascal when the lights went out, he would have helped himself to some of my money."



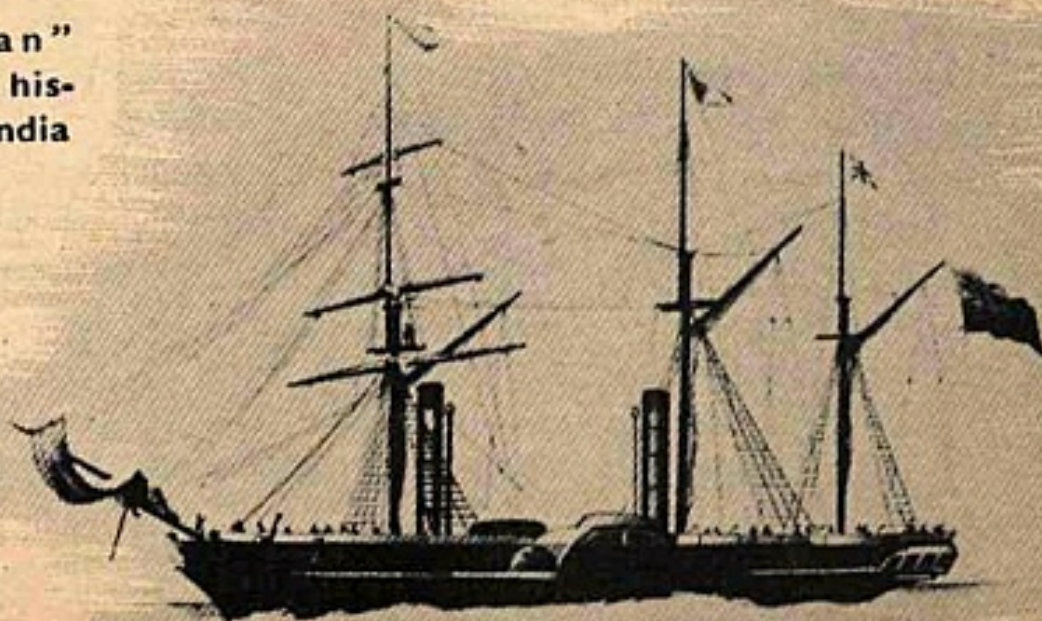
BY SHIP TO INDIA

On the 24th September 1842, a great ship of unparalleled size and splendour weighed anchor for her maiden voyage to India. Her name was *Hindostan* and weighed over 2000 tons. Her interior design was revolutionary, the whole width of her stern being a saloon of lush magnificence, lit by both port-holes and wide windows. Two long corridors ran the whole length of the ship between her hull and her cabins, which were in the centre of the ship. Her 150 passengers, it was planned,

would suffer no inconvenience from the motion of the ship and would be isolated from anything so disturbing as the sight and the sound of the sea!

Hindostan was not only the largest ship yet built for the "P & O," but the first to sail direct to India via the Cape. Her destination was Calcutta, via the Cape Verde Islands, Ascension, Cape Town, Mauritius and Ceylon. Well ahead of her the coal ships lay waiting at each of these ports, laden with the 'black diamonds'

The "Hindostan"
which made the his-
toric voyage to India
in 1842





The "Chusan" which
reached India in 1852

essential for each stage of the voyage. Even so, *Hindostan's* bunkers were practically empty before she reached Cape Town, though she managed to enter Table Bay in proud steamer-style, smoke belching from her two funnels.

Two funnels! That was something! Onlookers at every port gazed with awe and admiration at *Hindostan's* two funnels. She made Calcutta in 91 days, 28 of which was spent in port and coaling.

"P & O" had built this revolutionary ship as a brave gamble, which not only paid off, but the *Hindostan* clipped a month off the two-way mail service to Calcutta.

Before the *Hindostan*, the route was from England to Alexandria, then by the ancient

and primitive 48 mile Mahmoudish Canal to the Nile. Here a transfer to a Nile steamer, a verminous six horsepower cockleshell, to Cairo. Thereafter a 24 hour journey by wagon across the desert to Suez on the Red Sea. At Suez, a disease and bug-ridden slum, an East India Company's steamer was waiting to carry passengers, via Aden, to Bombay.

There was as yet, no Suez Canal, and this overland route had to be used. It meant that coal had to be carried by camels from Cairo to Suez. One 6000 ton dump of coal at Suez involved 18,000 camel journeys.

"P & O" ships of the mid-19th century provided meals of staggering proportions. One menu of the *Simla* in 1862,

LONDON

ALEXANDRIA

SUEZ

CAIRO

ADEN

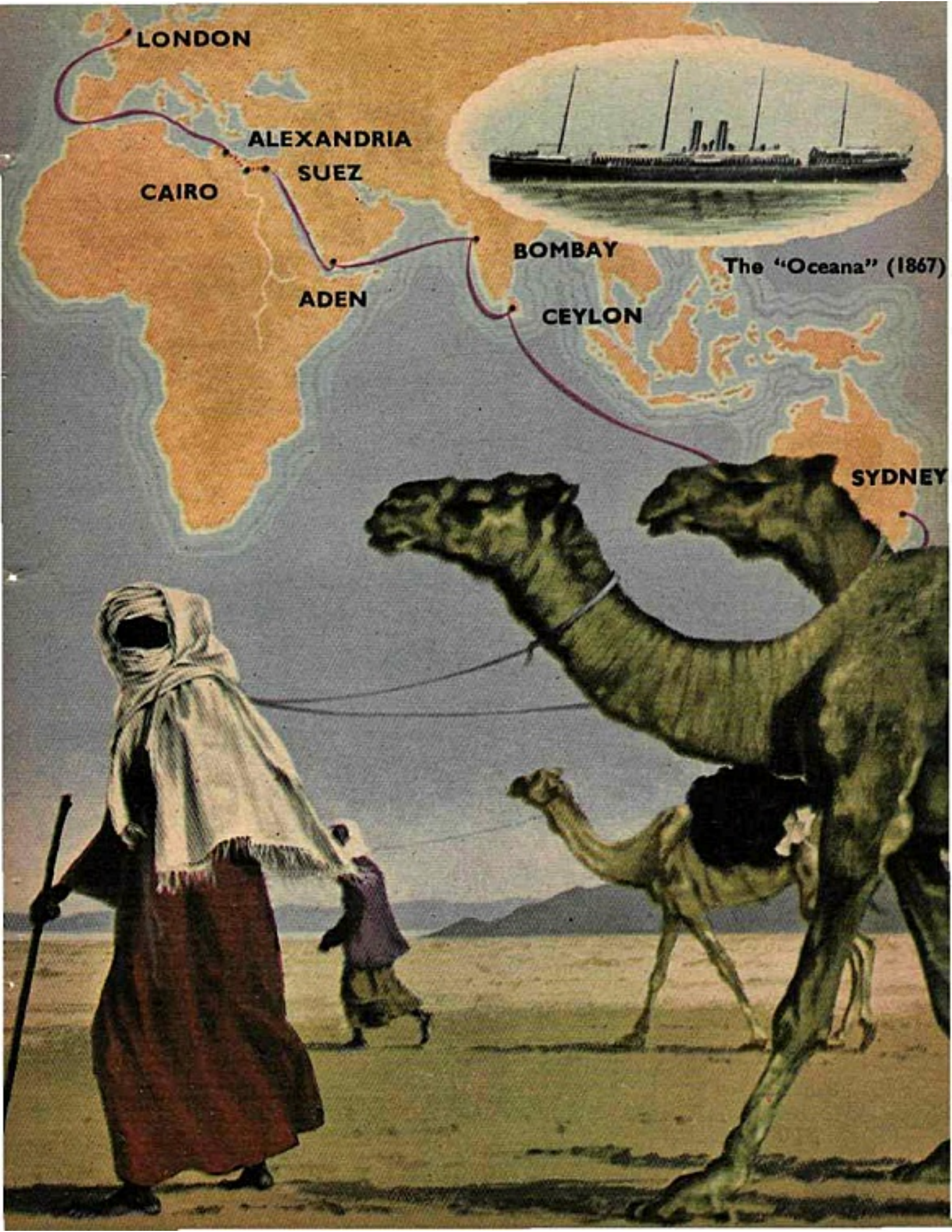
BOMBAY

CEYLON

SYDNEY



The "Oceana" (1867)



provided a choice of sixteen main dishes, ranging through suckling-pig through geese, ducks, beef and mutton to chicken saute. In order to make such succulence possible the pigs, sheep, cattle and poultry had to be carried on board—alive. A further attraction was that all alcholic drinks were free, including champagne.

In 1852 the *Chusan* dropped anchor at Calcutta, and carried mail to Singapore, China and Australia.

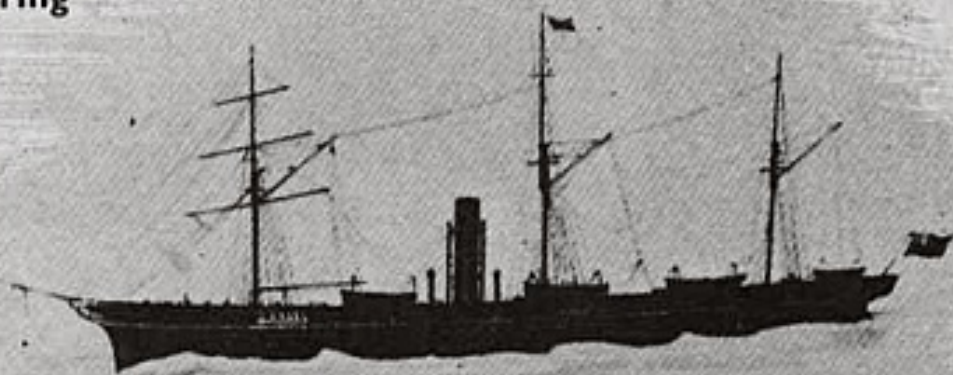
The 19th century wore on, and with it, in 1869, the opening of the Suez Canal leading from the Mediterranean to Suez. This of course made the journey to India much quicker, and far more convenient, but there was a snag. One type of ship had proved suitable for the England—Alexandria run, and another

for the Red Sea and tropics. No “all-purpose” ship for the through trip existed.

“P & O” decided to build new ships for the voyage to India, and in four years they built no fewer than eighteen! In 1887, they built the world’s finest quartet of sister ships. *Britannia*, *Oceana*, *Victoria* and *Arcadia* were 6000 tonnes, the biggest ever.

By the turn of the century, there was a great fleet of ships plying between England to India then on to the Far East. Today, with the closure of the Suez Canal ships once again have to sail via the Cape, and surface mail takes an average of three months. When the Canal is re-opened, India with its growing merchant fleet, will have the opportunity to write a new era in ocean travel.

The “Simla” with
the mouth watering
menu in 1862



REFLECTIONS

Kailas stood there watching his mother making some sugar candy. The longer he watched, the more his mouth watered at the thought of how good a piece of that candy would taste. But his mother had different ideas. Giving her son a stern look, she said, "Off with you, and help your father in the garden. You are not getting any candy to-day."

Crestfallen, Kailas slunk out of the door, and as soon as he had gone, the mother carefully hid the candy in a cupboard, little knowing that her greedy son was slyly watching her through the window.

As soon as the opportunity offered, Kailas tiptoed into the kitchen and helped himself to a nice large piece of the candy, and just as quietly made off into the garden to enjoy this delicious sweet. But before Kailas could take a bite, his father suddenly appeared round the corner of the house. Knowing his father would thrash him for stealing the



candy, Kailas quickly dropped the candy into the big water pot he was leaning against.

Hours passed before Kailas had the chance to retrieve his piece of candy, and when he looked into the water pot, he was horrified to see the face of a boy looking up at him. Of course, he didn't realise that he was gazing at his own reflection.

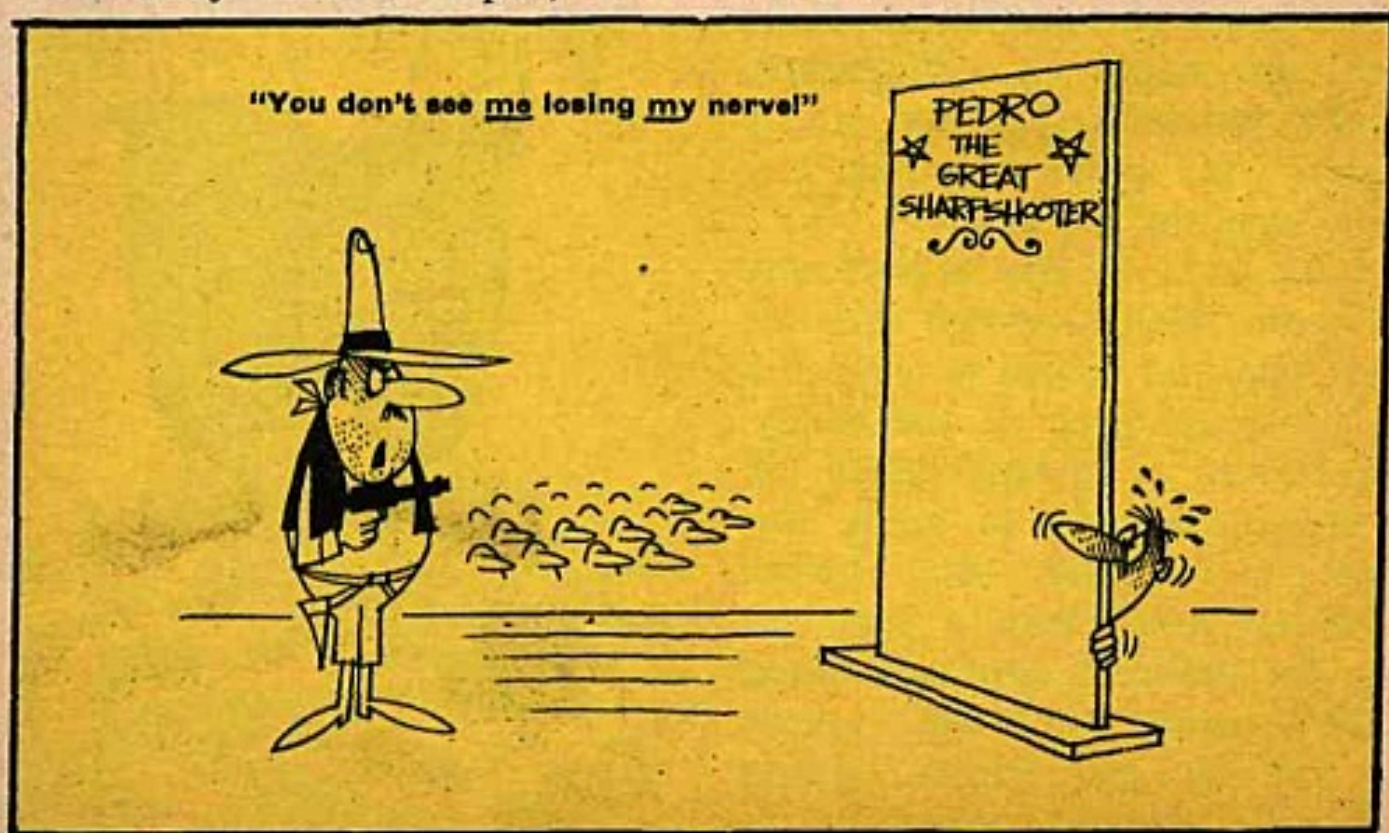
"You rascal," he shouted. "What are you doing in our water pot?"

His father, hearing the son's outcry, came running up and wanted to know what was wrong. When Kailas told him there was a boy hiding in their water pot, the father peered cautiously into the pot, and

jumped back in amazement. "That's no boy, its a man in there," he cried, "and what a villian he looks." Then picking up a stout stick the father added. "I will teach the rogue a lesson."

Hitting the pot with all his strength, the father shouted. "Take that, and that and that." In the end the pot broke into a hundred pieces, and water gushed everywhere. But there was no boy and no man inside the pot.

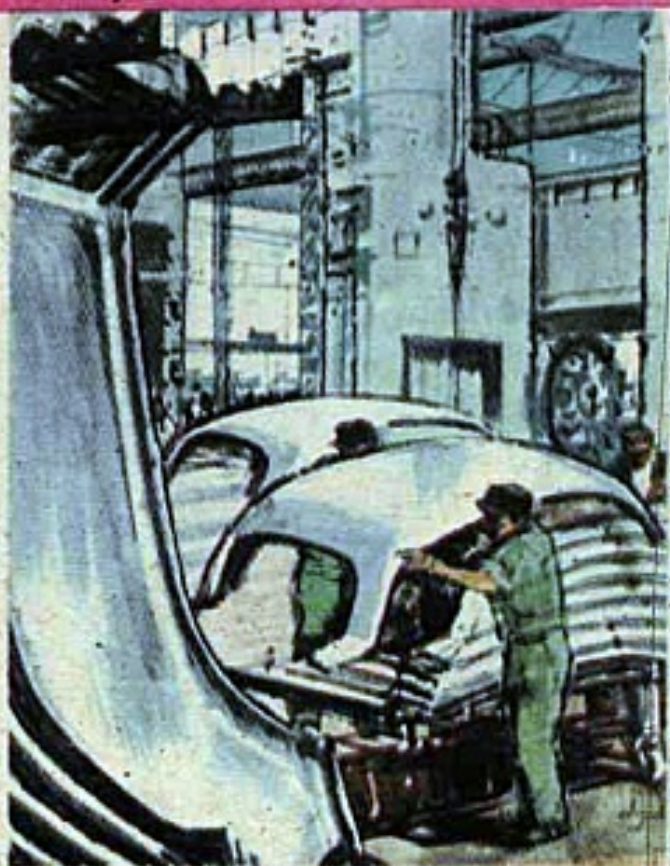
The father looked dumbfounded at first, then turning on his son he cried. "Look what you made me do, you young rascal," and belaboured his son with the stick.



GEOGRAPHY—
Italy 1



GEOGRAPHY—
Italy 2



GEOGRAPHY—
Italy 3



GEOGRAPHY—
Italy 4



GEOGRAPHY—

Italy 2

THE main industrial areas of Italy are Lombardy and Milan, Turin and Piedmont, Genoa and Puglia.

The most important industries of Lombardy are machine tools and motor car factories and steel.

Turin, however, is famous for its motor vehicles and over 75 per cent of Italy's motor cars are made there. Between 1861 and 1865, Turin was the capital of Italy as it was the home of the Royal Family.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows the Fiat motor works at Turin.

Piedmont is the centre of the textile industry, the main textile factories being at Biella.

Genoa is Italy's fourth largest port and handles a considerable proportion of the country's foreign trade.

GEOGRAPHY—

Italy 4

APART from Rome, the largest towns and cities in Italy are Milan, Naples, Turin, Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Venice, Verona, Padua and Taranto. Many of these have a flourishing tourist trade.

The Italian unit of currency is the lire and at the end of 1969, there were about 1,500 to the British pound.

The flag of Italy has vertical stripes of green, white and red and the National Day is 2nd June.

Italy became a republic in June, 1946. This was through a referendum on whether the country should remain a monarchy or not. As a result of the referendum, the Royal Family left the country and a president was elected.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows male and female typical national costumes of Italy.

GEOGRAPHY—

Italy 1

THE republic of Italy is situated in southern Europe and has boundaries with Switzerland, Austria, Yugoslavia, France and the Mediterranean Sea. Certain islands, as well as the main peninsula, are classed as Italy and these include Sicily, Sardinia and Elba.

The total area of the peninsula is about 131,000 square miles and its population is just over 54 million.

Geographically, Italy is a mountainous country. The Appenines run almost down the centre and the Alps lie in the extreme north. There are, however, two large fertile plains between the Appenines and the east coast. These are now known as Apulia (in the south) and Emilia /Romagna (in the north).

The peaks of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn are partly within the Italian border.

GEOGRAPHY—

Italy 3

THE capital city of Italy is Rome. Legend has it that it was founded in 753 B.C. by Romulus and that its name is derived from this.

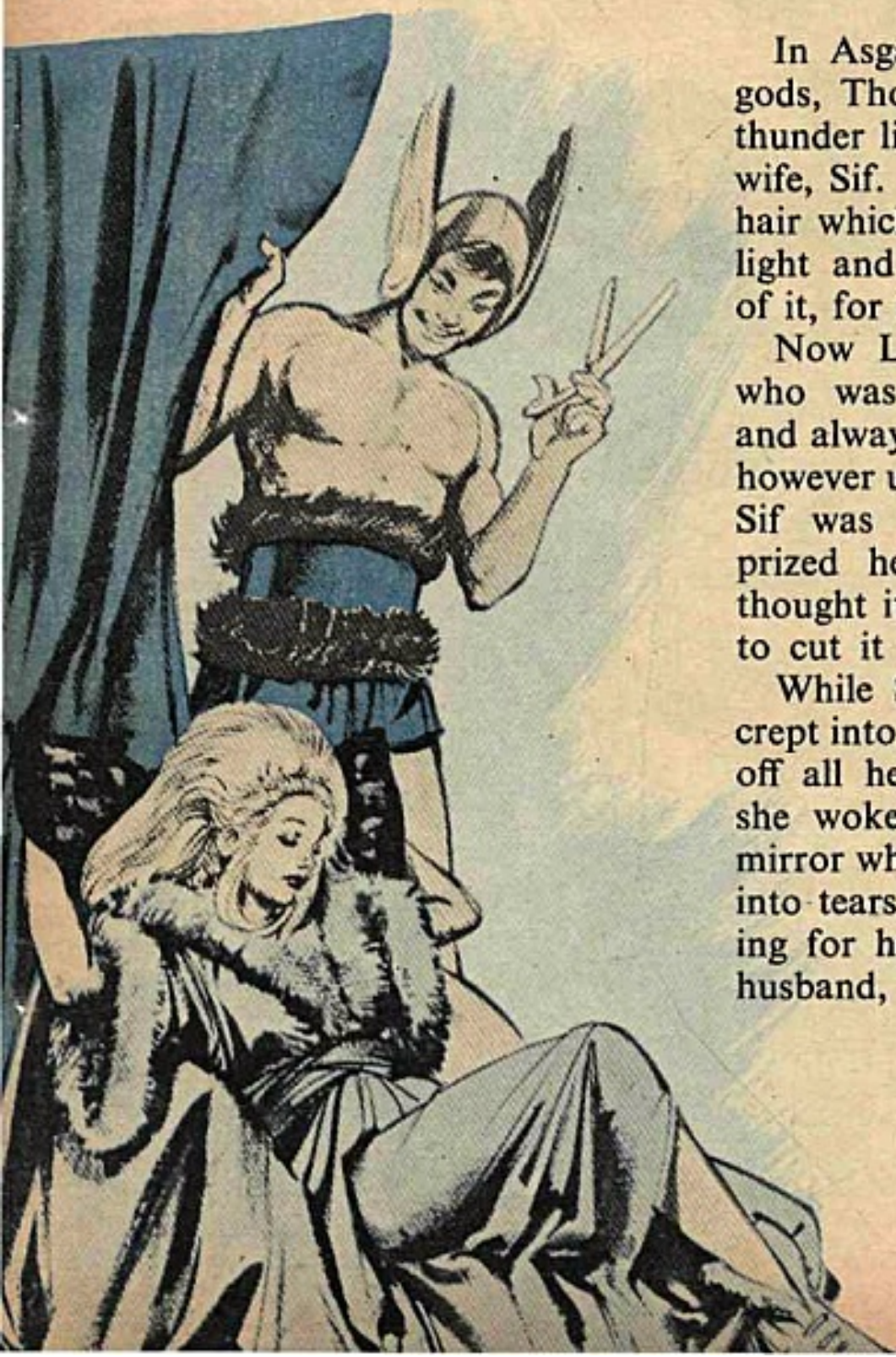
The present population of Rome is about 2½ million.

It is mainly a tourist centre as its buildings are famous throughout the world. Among the ancient landmarks are the Colosseum, Trajan's column, the catacombs and the Appian Way.

More modern sights, well worth seeing, are the monument to Victor Emmanuel II, the Trevi fountain and the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, known as the Spanish steps. The Spanish steps in Rome are shown in the picture on the other side of this index card.

Another remarkable building is St. Peter's, the main church of the Roman Catholic world.

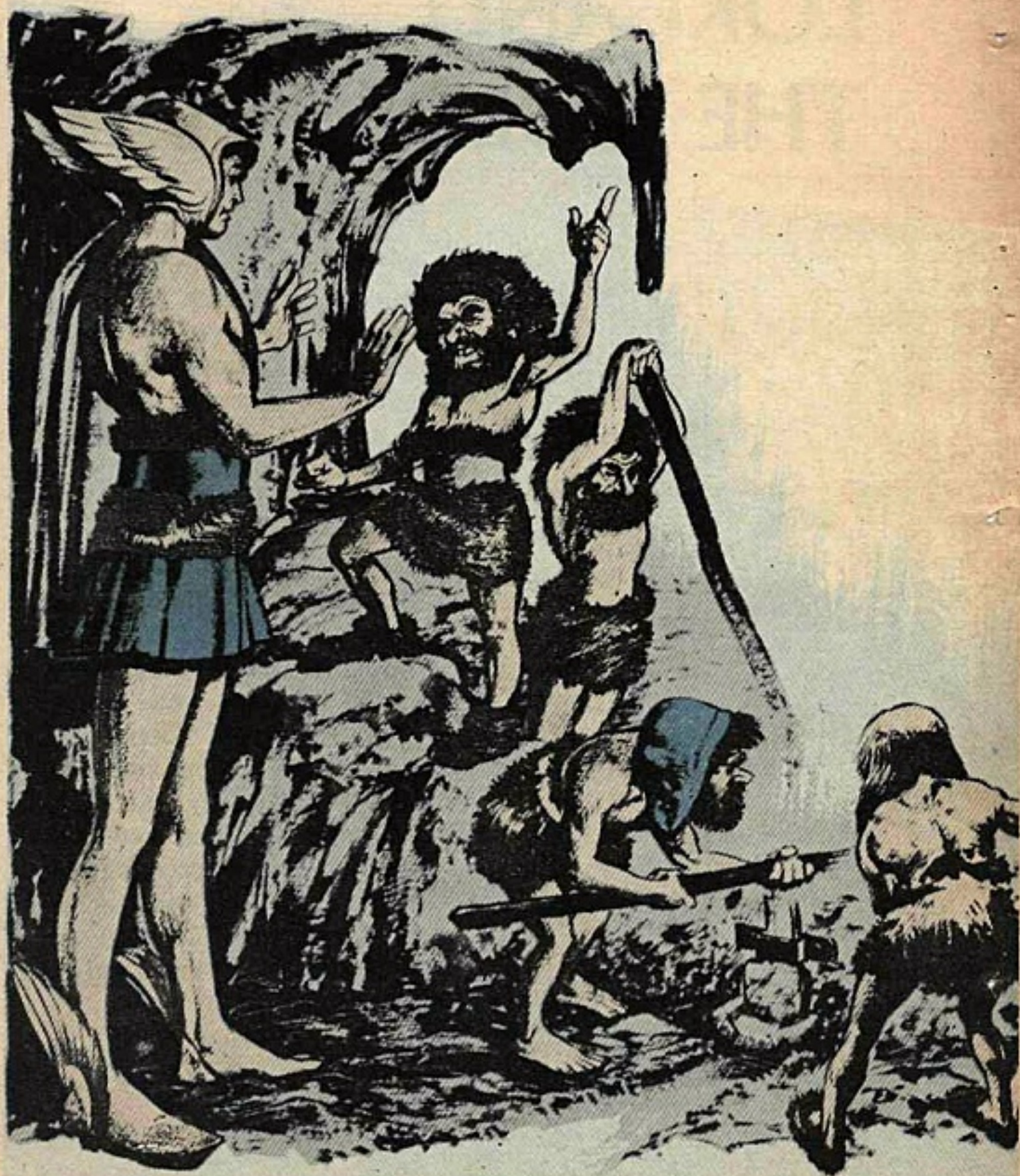
LOKI AND THE GOLDEN HAIR



In Asgard, the home of the gods, Thor, the mighty god of thunder lived with his beautiful wife, Sif. Sif had long, golden hair which gleamed in the sunlight and she was very proud of it, for it looked so beautiful.

Now Loki, the god of fire, who was cunning and crafty and always ready to play tricks, however unkind, knew how vain Sif was and how much she prized her long hair and he thought it would be a fine joke to cut it off.

While Sif lay sleeping, Loki crept into her room and snipped off all her lovely hair. When she woke up and saw in her mirror what happened, Sif burst into tears. She was still weeping for her lost hair when her husband, Thor, returned from



his travels. He took one look and rushed off in a great rage to find Loki, for he knew, as did all the gods, that Loki was usually behind any mischief.

"Did you cut off Sif's hair?" he thundered. "If you did, I will break you in little pieces and hurl you across the sky."

"What good will that do?" asked Loki, who did not dare defy the powerful Thor. "Whether I cut off Sif's hair or not makes no difference. Only I have the skill and cunning to find new hair for her."

"Find it at once," roared Thor. "Or there will soon be one god less in Asgard."

Loki left Asgard and went down to the caverns below the Earth, where the dwarfs worked at their crafts. He sought out

two dwarfs famed for their skill as smiths and asked them if they could make fine golden threads which would grow into hair when placed on Sif's head.

"We can do that and more for you," relied the dwarfs. Loki thought how fine it would be to take back presents for the other gods, which might lessen their anger, so he replied, "Make me also a ship which is better than any other and a spear which will always find its mark and will be worthy of a warrior like Odin, king of the gods."

The dwarfs heated up their furnace and hammered away at the metal. After a while they brought Loki a cap of long, silky gold threads. "When Sif puts this on her head, it will grow as if it had always been there," they said. Then they went back and heated up their furnace again and Loki could hear them hammering away.

Loki went to the caverns, below the Earth, where the dwarfs worked at their crafts.



Next time, they brought out a ship made of wood and metal, with shields flashing along the sides. "This ship is big enough to hold all the gods of Asgard and she will always have a favourable wind," said the dwarfs. "But when no one wants to sail in her, she can be folded up small enough to fit into a pocket."

Loki was delighted. "I will give this to Frey, god of the elves of light," he said.

Again the dwarfs returned to their furnace and this time they brought out a shining spear. "It can never miss its mark," they told Loki, as they handed it to him.

Loki was very pleased. "I shall tell everyone you are the finest smiths of all," he told the dwarfs.

As Loki turned to leave, a harsh voice came from the shadows. "That is a lie," it said. "I am Brokk and my brother Sindri can make finer gifts than these."

"That he could not," replied Loki, turning round.

"Will you wager your head that he cannot?" asked the little dwarf and the amused Loki agreed.

"Your head against my head,

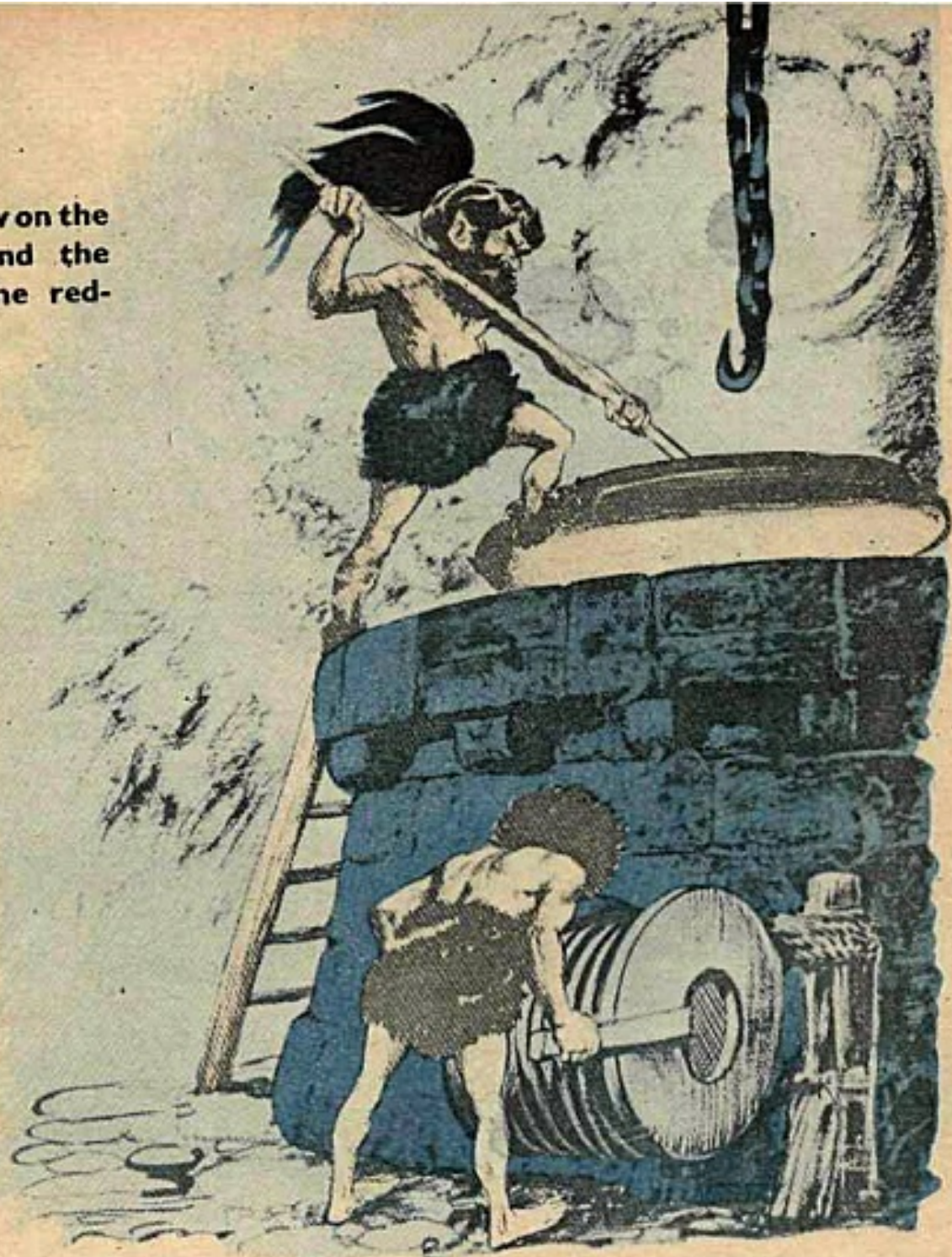
then," said Brokk, "and when Sindri has finished we will take all the gifts to Asgard and let the gods be the judges."

Brokk went to find his brother and Loki followed him secretly to the forge and listened outside the door. He heard Sindri say, "I will surpass those three gifts, but I need your help. Pile the furnace high with wood and do not cease to blow with these bellows of mine, for if the fire dies down for even one moment, my work will be spoiled."

Brokk blew on the bellows and when the fire was red-hot, Sindri threw on it a pig-skin, but Loki meanwhile turned himself into a gadfly and stung Brokk in the hand. Yet the dwarf's skin was so thick and tough that he hardly felt it. Then Sindri returned and told Brokk to stop blowing the bellows and from the furnace he took a boar, whose bristles were golden wires that shone like fire.

Brokk returned to the bellows again and Sindri dropped a bar of gold into the furnace when it was red-hot. - This time Loki flew down and bit Brokk on the neck, but Brokk only shook his head and went

Brokk blew on the bellows and the fire became red-hot.



on blowing, until Sindri took from the fire a beautiful golden arm-ring.

Then Brokk blew on the bellows once more and Sindri put a bar of iron into the furnace. Loki settled on Brokk's head and stung him so that the blood ran into his eyes and he could not see. For a moment

Brokk paused, to wipe the blood from his eyes and for that moment the furnace cooled. When Sindri returned he took a great hammer from the furnace but when he looked closely at it, he saw that the handle was shorter than he had meant it to be, because for one moment Brokk had ceased blowing the bellows.

"Wait," cried Loki. "Only my head is yours, remember."



That night, the gods gathered in Asgard to judge between Loki's gifts and Brokk's. Loki put the cap of gold on Sif's head and it grew there, like her own golden hair. Then he gave Frey the ship and Odin the spear.

Brokk, in turn, gave Odin the golden arm-ring. "Every ninth night, eight rings exactly the

same will fall from it and in a year you will have a great treasure," he said.

He gave the golden boar to Frey. "He will go through air and water, as well as on land," he said, "and when you travel by night you will always have light from his bristles."

Then Brokk gave the battle-hammer to Thor. "It will always

return to your hand, when you throw it," he said.

The gods found it hard to judge between the gifts, but they agreed that Thor's hammer was the best of all, for though not perfect, it returned by magic when thrown, so Brokk was declared the winner. Loki had lost his wager and at once Brokk seized him by his red hair and drew out a knife.

"Wait," cried Loki. "Only

my head is yours, remember, so take care you do not touch my neck."

The gods laughed at Loki's cunning. Angrily Brokk, released him. "I have been cheated", he said, "but as your head is mine, I will still your mocking lips for a while." With a needle and thread, Brokk sewed Loki's lips together but it was not long before Loki was free and was up to his old tricks again.



"The trouble is he thinks you're frightened of him, Mr. Jones!"

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the July issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other:
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st May.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in March Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. C. Mohan,
19, Parthasarathy Puram,
North T. Nagar,
Madras-17

Winning entry—'Taxing the Sheep'—'Coaxing the Ape'

THE OLD MAN



Many, many years ago in Turkey, there was a very rich man who had just one son. This son whose name was Raschid, was extremely vain and badly pampered by his parents, who were anxious that Raschid should marry a girl of rare beauty, but among their acquaintances, there just wasn't anyone who was outstandingly beautiful.

Now it so happened that near the rich man's house, was a humble dwelling where a poor woodcutter lived. The woodcutter had a daughter named Shalimar, who was probably the best looking girl in the whole of Turkey. The rich man's

wife was passing in her carriage one day and caught sight of this lovely girl and quickly realised that if only this girl had beautiful clothes and jewellery, she would outshine any princess.

Alighting from her carriage, the woman called to the woodcutter and his wife, and calmly announced that she had decided that their daughter should marry her son. The parents were so surprised at such a thought they couldn't utter a word. Nor did the rich woman give them a chance to say anything, for taking off one of her rings, she put it on the girl's finger saying: "That signifies



that your daughter is now engaged to marry my son."

The rich man's friends laughed at the absurdity of such an engagement and said that the girl was probably brainless and would grow fat and ugly within a few years.

The rich man's wife hated to be held up to ridicule, so she rushed to the woodcutter's home, and snatching the ring from the girl's finger, shouted: "The marriage is off."

The girl burst into tears, but the woodcutter although poor, was very proud, and he paced and up down his hut in a towering rage. Turning to his wife and daughter, he said savagely:

"These rich folk are not going to make fun of us. I swear by Allah that tomorrow morning we will go to the mosque and my daughter shall marry the first man that enters."

So the following morning Shalimar decked in her best clothes, stood with her father at the entrance to the mosque waiting for the first man to enter. They had not long to wait, for in walked an elderly man, dressed in rags and barely able to totter along with the aid of a staff.

The woodcutter's face fell, but remembering his vow, accosted the old man: "I have sworn by Allah the all powerful, that my daughter shall marry the first man to enter the mosque. Will you marry my daughter?"

The old man looked keenly at the daughter. "I possess neither a home or a fortune. So why should your daughter marry me?"

"My father made a solemn vow," Shalimar said in a low voice, "and if you will accept me, I will gladly marry you."

In the end the old man consented, and they were married that very morning. After the ceremony, the old man took

Shalimar to his abode, which was a tumble-down old shack.

Each morning the old man left the shack and came back in the evening giving Shalimar a few copper coins he had managed to beg. Yet somehow she found a measure of happiness. For the old man was kindly and kept her engrossed with his wonderful stories.

Meanwhile the rich man had arranged a suitable marriage for his son with another wealthy man's daughter. It promised to be a notable wedding and all the nobles were invited. The rich man's wife thought it would be a lesson to let the woodcutter's daughter see her son's magnificent wedding, so she sent Shalimar an invitation.

When Shalimar received the invitation, she said to her elderly husband. "I have no great wish to attend this wedding. In any case I have no fine clothes to wear."

"Let us wait and see," murmured the old man with a sly grin.

On the morning of the wedding, Shalimar was astonished to see a resplendent carriage draw up at her shack, and a gorgeously dressed woman alighted,

followed by servants carrying ornate boxes. Without a word of explanation the woman dressed Shalimar in the most costly raiments and jewellery.

At the wedding ceremony, everyone stared at Shalimar and wondered who this radiant person could be. When Raschid the bridegroom entered, his eyes immediately alighted on Shalimar and losing all interest in his bride-to-be, rushed out swearing he would marry no other than this wonderful person he had just seen.

Raschid sent servants hither and thither to discover the identity of this mysterious beauty. When at last it was





found that she lived in an old shack on the edge of the town, Raschid lost no time in getting to the shack.

Bursting into the shack, Raschid implored Shalimar to marry him, promising her everything she could possibly desire. Shalimar merely eyed him with

disdain. "I am already married and I am quite content with my present husband."

Raschid was amazed that he of all persons should be rejected, and began to lose his temper, threatening to take the matter to the Sultan, who would certainly see that her present marriage was annulled.

When Shalimar told her husband all that had happened, the old man merely smiled and said, "Don't worry, for the Sultan is a just man."

Nevertheless, Shalimar was extremely perturbed when she received a summons to appear before the Sultan and her fears were not allayed when the rich man's son swore before the Sultan that she had grossly insulted him.

The Sultan, who heard all these cases from behind a silken curtain, asked Shalimar to state her case.

"I am already married," Shalimar said proudly, "and I have no wish to marry this man Raschid."

"But it is understood you are married to an old man who can offer you so little in life," the Sultan said, and he went on. "Surely you would prefer a younger and wealthier

husband?"

"Never," Shalimar said determinedly. "My present husband is a good and honest man, and I will wed no other."

With that, the Sultan drew aside the curtain, revealing his young stalwart figure, at which Shalimar cried out in amazement. "But you are my husband."

"Yes, I am," said the Sultan, stepping down from the dias. "I often go round the town in the guise of an elderly man. And that morning when your father asked me to marry you, I lost my heart to your beauty. Now you have proved to be not only beautiful, but also of noble character."

The shamefaced Raschid was glad to get out of the court, and soon afterwards, amidst great rejoicing, Shalimar was proclaimed Sultana, the beloved wife of the Sultan.





Home to Roost

Jayaram and his wife Ganga, were hard-working peasants. Whilst Jayaram tended to his fields, his wife looked after the home and as they did not have any children, she had plenty of time to devote to her hobby of rearing poultry.

Undoubtedly she was very good at raising chickens, for every clutch of eggs hatched to the last one, and soon Ganga had a large numbers of birds producing plenty of eggs which the neighbours purchased, and sometimes Ganga would sell some of the older birds in the market.

Now every time Jayaram looked at all these chickens scratching and feeding in the garden, his mind became full of mouth watering thoughts of a

succulent roasted chicken, but no matter how much he begged and implored and cajoled with flattering entreaties, his wife flatly refused to kill any of her chickens for him to eat. Jayaram longing for the taste of roast chicken, pondered and pondered, as to how he could get round his wife, then he had a bright idea. When he arrived home that evening, in an excited voice, he said to his wife, "Today I met a famous astrologer on the road and he told me that in order to get better crops I must appease the gods, by placing a roasted chicken in the hole in the trunk of that old peepal tree on our land."

Ganga swallowed this story with a good deal of doubt, but



thinking it might be true, she agreed to kill and cook one of her precious chickens.

The following morning Jayaram with the cooked chicken carefully wrapped, made off for his fields with grandiose thoughts of when dinner time came, he would have a wonderful feed. He certainly put the chicken in the peepal tree, but merely for safe keeping. At midday he made a beeline for the tree, and hastily unwrapping the chicken, he tore off a leg and took a big bite, my, this is good he thought.

But standing behind a nearby tree was his wife, who had never really believed the story

of the astrologer, and as she watched her husband eating or rather gobbling up the chicken, her temper boiled over, and picking up a stick she belaboured him until he was black and blue.

Returning home, Ganga was still in a towering rage and she decided to go home to her mother. Getting a large basket, she busily packed all her possession, then went outside to feed her chickens before she departed.

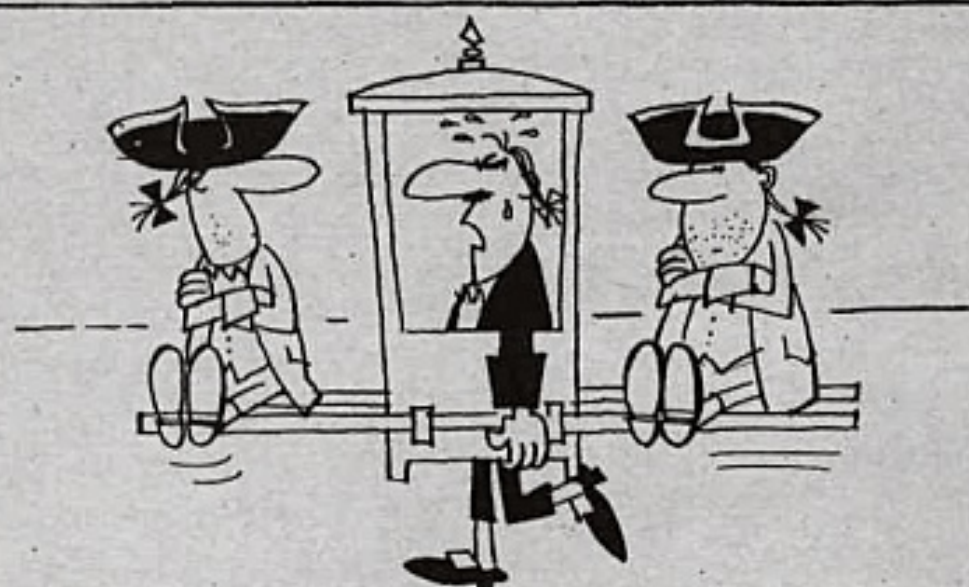
With the basket on her head off went Ganga to her mother's house and when she arrived there, between tears and sobs she told her mother the sorry

tale of her no-good husband. She had no sooner related her story, when the lid of the basket flew open and up popped the head of her husband.

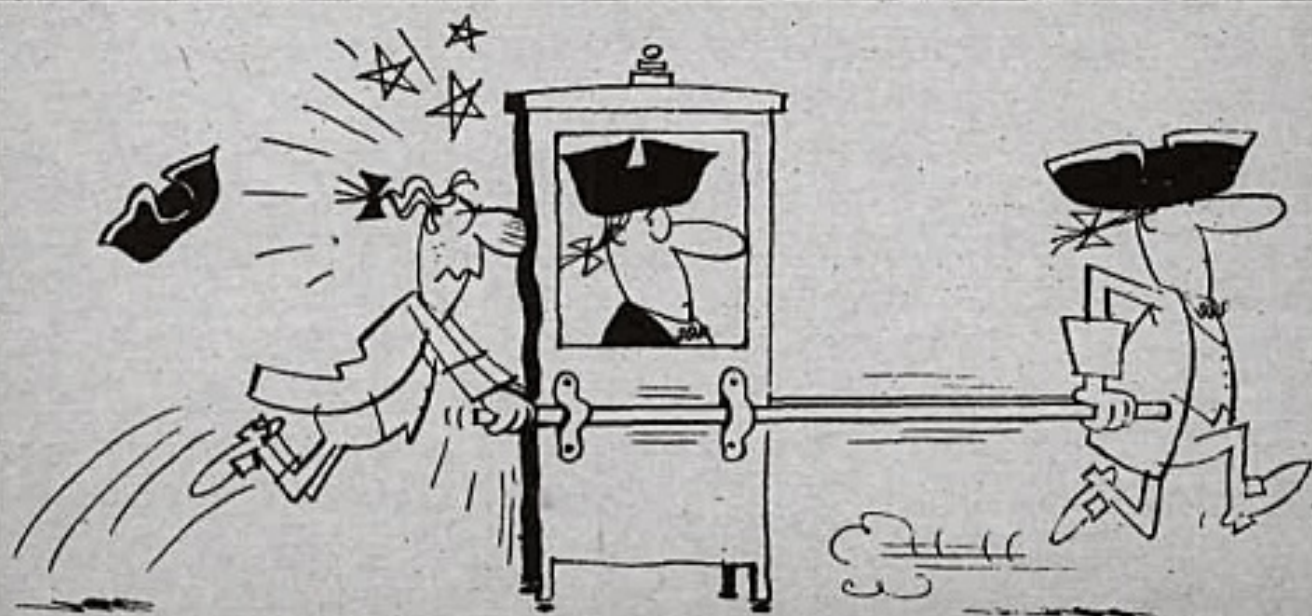
Poor Jayaram was full of apologies to his wife, but mother-in-law soon interrupted: "A likely story, I must say," she said harshly, "You two

made all this up so that you could come here for me to feed and keep you. Out you both go and next time think of a better story."

Jayaram and Ganga slowly made their way back to their own home. Jayaram was very subdued, but at least, he never asked for roast chicken again.



"How long is this strike going to last?"





The Immortal Apple

The King was known for his generosity. In fact, the monarch was a little too generous, and virtually every day people who came to court with gifts for the king, went away with gifts from the king many times the value of their own offering. Naturally, the generous spirit of the king attracted many unscrupulous people, who were always ready to grasp something for nothing.

One day a man presented himself before the king, carrying a silver tray on which reposed a solitary apple. "Your Majesty," the man said, "I have travelled from afar and I bring you this fruit which contains the juice of eternal life. Eat this fruit I beg of you, and you will live forever."

The king leaned forward on his throne, and was about to pick up the fruit, when his jester, standing close by, quickly

snatched the apple and took a large bite.

"You villian," the king shouted in rage. "You will most certainly die for such an outrageous act."

"But Your Majesty," the jester replied meekly. "If eating this fruit will make me immortal, how can you execute me?"

"I do not believe this man's story," the king said curtly. "So there is nothing to stop me having you executed."

The jester shook his head. "If as you say, this man has lied to you, why should I die?" Then he added with a sly grin. "In any case the measly apple was very sour."

At this the king's anger turned into a hearty chuckle, and all his courtiers followed suit, the only one who didn't smile was the man who had brought the apple.



Far away, in an Eastern country, there lived a Sultan who had three sons. All three princes had fallen in love with their cousin, who was a very beautiful and sweet-natured princess and the Sultan could not decide which one of them should marry her.

Finally he called his three sons to him. "I have decided to send you out into the world, disguised as merchants," he told them. "At the end of a year you will return here and whoever brings back the most wonderful gift shall marry the princess."

THE MAGIC GIFTS



The three young men set out on their travels. The first son, Prince Houssain, found his way to a great city but although he saw the most beautiful gems which the merchants had to offer, he could find nothing to take back to his father, the Sultan.

All the traders from far countries passed through the city and they would show him the most wonderful gems which they had brought with them from distant lands, but nothing pleased him.

Often, too he walked through the market-place, looking at all the wares which were for sale, but it seemed to him that he must lose the princess, for he could never find a gift which he considered really worthy of her.

Then, one day, when the year was almost up, the young prince was walking in the market-place and he passed a carpet-seller. "I have a fine carpet here," said the man. "I will sell it only for forty purses of gold."

"Forty purses of gold," replied the astonished prince, "but that is a fortune. It is far too much for an ordinary carpet."

"But this is no ordinary carpet," said the trader. "If you sit on it, it will carry you anywhere you want to go."

The prince tried the carpet and was delighted. He paid the trader forty purses of gold at once.

Meanwhile, the second son, Prince Ahmed, went to the

chief city of Persia and he too, looked in all the shops and all the bazaars, but could not find a present worthy of his beautiful cousin. Then, one day, when the year was almost up, Prince Ahmed met an old trader in the market-place.

"Who will buy a spy-glass for thirty purses of gold?", called the trader. "It is a most wonderful spy-glass and I will not accept a penny less."

"It must be a wonderful spy-glass for all that money," said the prince, pausing by the trader, "for no spy-glass is worth thirty purses of gold."

"You are wrong, my young friend," replied the trader. "You have only to hold this glass to your eye and you can see anything you wish in the world. You may try it for yourself, if you do not believe me."

The prince put the spy-glass to his eye and, as the princess was to him the dearest thing in the world, he at once wished to see her. There she was, sitting in her palace, surrounded by her maidens and the prince was so delighted that he paid the thirty purses of gold at once.

The third son, Prince Ali, made his way to the golden city

of Samarkand. He, too, found nothing to buy and as the end of the year drew near, he was in despair. He went out into the market-place to continue his search and on his way, he passed a man offering for sale an apple. "Thirty purses of gold for this apple," the man called. "Who will buy this marvellous apple?"

The prince paused in astonishment. "Who in his right senses would pay thirty purses of gold for an apple?" he asked the man.

"But this is no ordinary apple," replied the trader. "One smell of it will cure anyone, however near death." The prince at once paid the thirty purses of gold and the apple became his.

At the end of the year, the three princes met to travel home together. Prince Houssain arrived on his magic carpet and proudly showed his possession to his two brothers. "It is wonderful," said Prince Ahmed. "but I think my spy-glass is even more wonderful, for by its aid I can see anyone I wish."

He put the spy-glass to his eye as he spoke and wished to see the princess. To his brothers' astonishment he turned

pale and cried, "I can see the princess. She is lying there white and still. She is near to death. What can we do?"

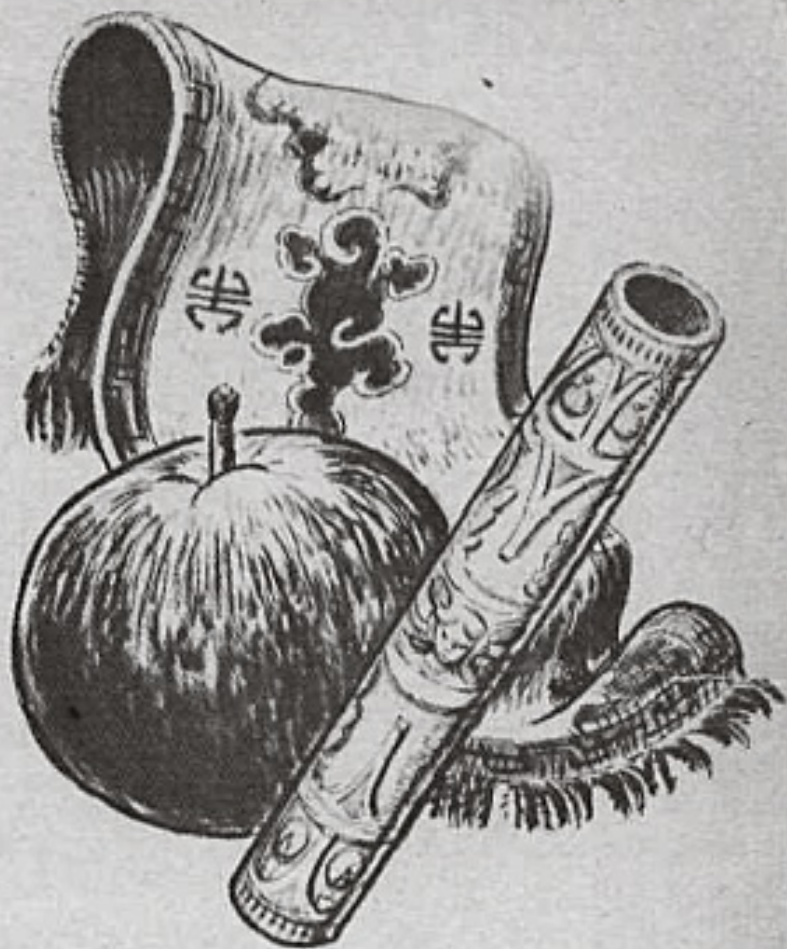
Then Prince Ali spoke. "I have here a magic apple," he said. "One smell of it will cure anyone, however ill. If we can only get to the princess in time, I can cure her."

"Let us get on my magic carpet and go quickly to her bedside," cried Prince Houssain.

In a few minutes, they had reached the princess and Prince Ali held his apple to her nose. At once, she opened her eyes and sat up and was soon as lively and well as ever. Then the three brothers took their gifts to show the Sultan.

The Sultan was overjoyed when he heard that the princess, whom everyone had thought was dying, was now quite well again and the three brothers explained how, with the aid of the wonderful gifts they had brought they were able to reach her just in time.

The Sultan found it impossible to judge which was the most wonderful, for without the spy-glass they would never have learned of the princess's illness, while without the magic carpet they could never have



reached her in time and without the magic apple they could not have cured her.

Finally, the Sultan decided to hold a contest. He told the three brothers to be ready, with their bows and arrows in the palace grounds. Each brother was to shoot one arrow and the one who shot the farthest would win the princess for his bride.

The three princes took their

IN NEXT ISSUE

*Read how Prince Ali
retrieved his arrow*

bows and Prince Houssain, the eldest, shot first. His arrow travelled a long distance, but it was passed by Prince Ahmed's arrow when he fired next. Prince Ali shot last, but his arrow went so far that it could not be found at all, so the Sultan decided that his second son, Prince Ahmed, was the winner and should marry the princess.

A great wedding feast was prepared but Prince Houssain

declared that if he could not marry the princess he would spend his days as a hermit living a life of poverty and simplicity, and he left the palace to travel to some far-away desert place.

Prince Ali also, too unhappy to attend his brother's wedding, left the palace and set out sadly for the mountains beyond the city, to seek his lost arrow, determined not to return until he had found it.



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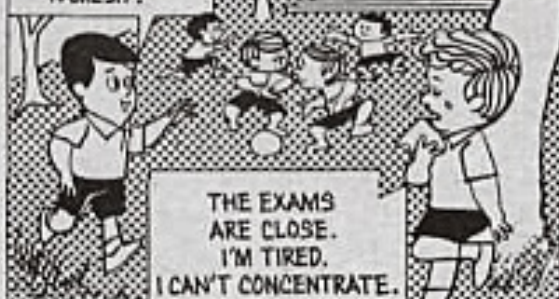
TABBY and the Examinations

JUST ONE MONTH TO THE EXAMS...

RAMESH, PAY ATTENTION,
OR YOU'LL BE PUNISHED!



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
RAMESH?



THE EXAMS
ARE CLOSE.
I'M TIRED.
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE.

YOU LOOK SO FRESH, TABBY.
WHAT'S THE SECRET?



SECRET? ENERGY TABS
ARE NO SECRET!



HERE, HAVE SOME.
ENERGY TABS
GIVE ENERGY FAST!



AND THEY HELP YOU
CONCENTRATE
ON YOUR STUDIES.



FINALLY, THE EXAMS...

HE'S BEEN WRITING
CONTINUOUSLY.
I HOPE HE PASSES.



AND THEN, THE RESULTS...

HURRAY! I PASSED.
THANKS TABBY.



THANK
ENERGY TABS!

DELICIOUS ORANGE AND PINEAPPLE FLAVOURS!

Glaxo-D
Energy Tabs
fight tiredness fast!



Learning to look after himself...



One way to avoid a blow is to step back or sideways. Or, dodge back from the waist.

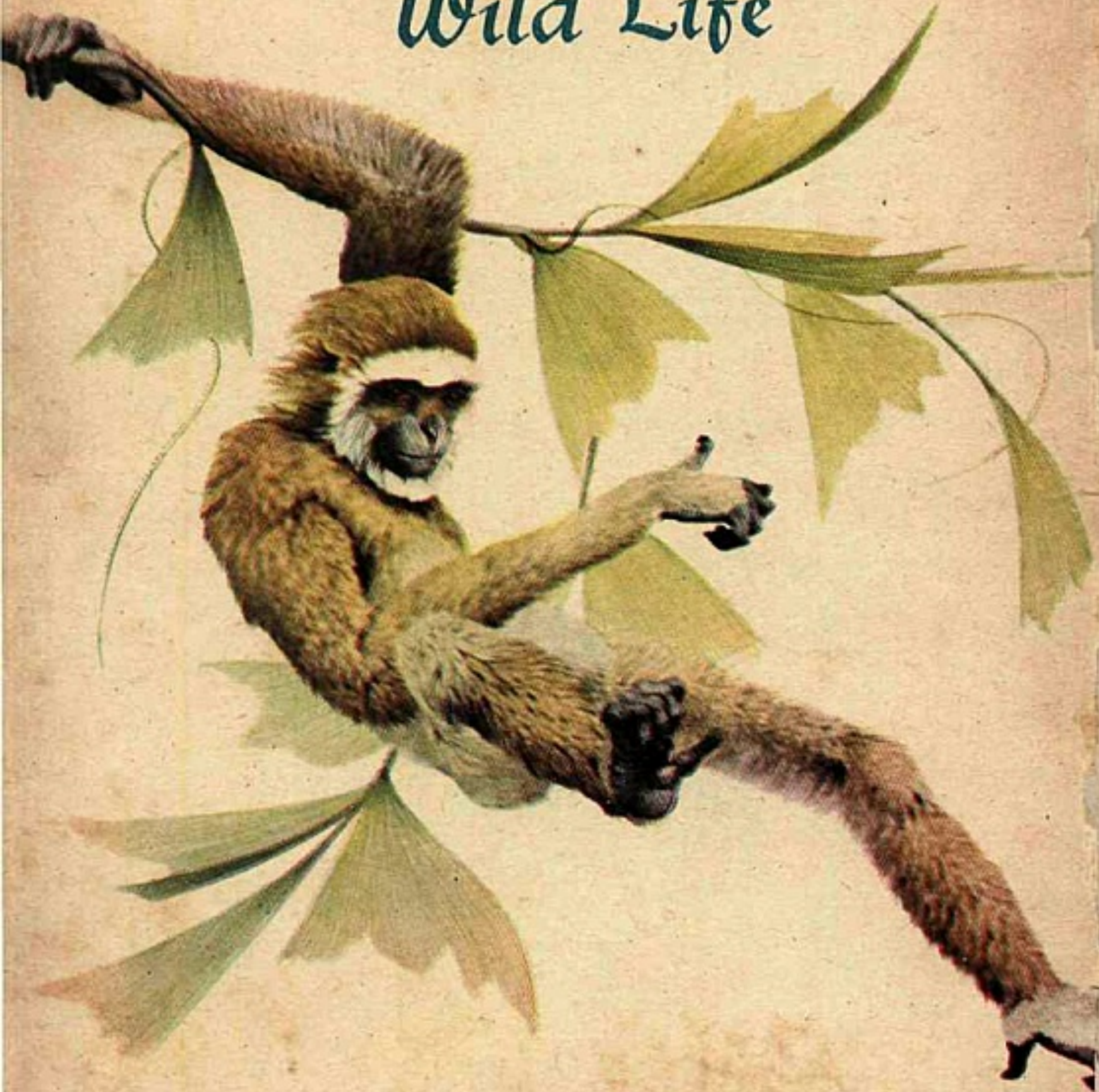


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Wild Life



G is for Gibbon the smallest of the man-like apes. This little fellow to be found in the jungles of South East Asia, can move through trees so quickly, he can catch a bird on the wing!